The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME IV | New York, Saturday, October 2, 1915 | Number 48

Contents

Editorial Notes 217

Leading Editorials
- The Problem in Mexico 220
- Salvaging the Unemployable 221
- Exit Brumbaugh 223

General Articles
- Economics of American Shipping: (1) Free Ships ..... Gerard Henderson 225
- Labor's Part in England's War .. Alfred E. Zimmern 227
- Impressions of a Plattsburg Recruit ..... Ralph Barton Perry 229
- The Divided Balkans ..... Gerald Morgan 231
- The Merciers in Topsbridge 233

Communications
- Political Philosophy in Germany ..... William Ernest Hocking 234
- In Reply ..... John Dewey 236

Verse 237
After the Play ..... Q. K. 238
Books and Things ..... P. L. 239
Reviews of Books
- Mr. Galsworthy in Eclipse ..... E. B. 240
- The Glorious Road of France ..... Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant 241
- Our American Politics ..... W. 242

THE Allied offensive on the western front has been justified by immediate results in territory regained, in prisoners captured, and in the severity of the German losses. Even if it is not pushed much further its indirect results should be as useful as its direct results. A success of this kind may force the Germans to draw upon their sources to reinforce the western line. It may consequently relax the pressure on the Russians at a moment when for the first time since early May the German offensive on the eastern front shows signs of becoming weaker. It may also have some effect upon the situation in the Balkans, both by encouraging the friends of the Allies in that region and making the Bulgarians hesitate to join the Central Powers, and by possibly diminishing the force of any attack which the Germans may be planning against Serbia. On the western front itself the offensive will at least compel the Germans to counter-attack. The latter cannot afford to allow the Allies to remain in undisputed possession of their recent conquests. If they should do so, the staff of the Allied armies could at their own leisure and convenience prepare for a repetition of their exploit, which, so far as it was successful, might actually compromise the safety of the line the Germans are now holding. If by making attacks that are partially successful the Allies can instigate less successful counter-attacks, they will be accomplishing all that can be expected for the present. They will be conducting a general strategic offensive at smaller cost to themselves than to an enemy which is not as well qualified to stand the losses.

IT may be good dialectics to treat the proposed Anglo-French loan as a pure matter of business, involving no element of sympathy with the Allied cause. This it is, in the main; we want to sell more to the Allies than we can sell for cash. Nevertheless the activity of German-American capitalists in opposing the loan indicates clearly enough that in other circumstances a loan offering equally great pecuniary advantages might easily have failed. Let us suppose that Germany had kept the peace until she had a cause that might have recommended itself as just to neutral opinion; further, that she had refrained from acts shocking to the international sense of right, such as the invasion of Belgium, Zeppelin atrocities, the ruthless destruction of civilian life on the high seas. What are the chances that the American financial reservoirs would be placed at the disposal of her enemies? Practically none. On no condition would we lend money to the Turks, with their hands dripping with Armenian blood. International finance, like the international munitions trade, is a practical means by which public opinion may be brought to bear within the limits of a strict technical neutrality.

OPPOSITION to the draft of a new constitution which is being submitted to the voters of New York State is becoming formidable. The instrument may well be rejected, but if it is rejected, the failure will not reflect much credit on New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voters. They will reject it less because of its imperfections than because of its merits, less because the constitution is not good enough for them than because it is too good. For not one moment after the task of framing the constitution was started did the convention have the support and guidance of an effective body of public opinion. Its work was performed in an intellectual and moral vacuum, created by general and almost complete popular indifference. Under these circumstances it is enormously to the credit of the dozen Republicans who assumed leadership that they labored so faithfully and so intelligently to contrive a constitution which may become a fairly serviceable instrument of an alert and sincere body of democratic opinion. If the new constitution is rejected, the New York electorate will have revealed itself as not only devoid of any formative political impulse, but as too apathetic to rally to the support of a vigorous and enlightened initiative, undertaken by a more alert and disinterested minority.

IN saying that the proposed draft of a new constitution for New York State will be rejected, if at all, because of its merits, we do not mean that no intelligible grounds exist for opposition. On the contrary, the framers of the instrument have encouraged reasonable opposition because of an over-anxious desire to avoid unreasonable opposition. They have compromised so much that their work lacks integrity. Although believing in a strong, responsible government, answerable to public opinion, they have placed in the constitution a large amount of frank legislation, and have consequently limited the control of the legislature over a great deal of properly legislative material. Although believing in the short ballot, they have made the controller and the attorney general elective officers, and have permitted the former to retain a large amount of administrative work. Although insisting on the essential importance of executive initiative and responsibility, they have limited that initiative to financial matters, and have left the legislature free to reject executive leadership in every other respect. Finally, although proposing to create a government which would be responsive as well as responsible, they refused to create any sufficient machinery for making it responsive—such, for instance, as the bestowal upon the governor of the right to dissolve the legislature and order a new election. If the new constitution fails, it will fail not only because it is too good for the mass of the electorate, but because it is not good enough to inspire any enthusiastic approval in the few people who are possessed by the vision of a really coherent and representative state government. None the less it calls for cordial approval. Even if it cannot inspire enthusiasm, it is so much of an improvement on the prevailing system, and the attempt to organize a government under it will constitute so educative an experience for the local American democracies all over the country, that its rejection would be nothing short of a calamity.

THE squabblings of the American Ambulance at Paris make extremely disagreeable reading. One would suppose that sympathy with the wounded shipped in by carloads from the battlefield would work a transformation of heart in everyone brought in contact with them. Physicians and surgeons have their personal differences and professional jealousies; nurses, professional or volunteer, have their poses and their very human leanings toward social experience. But peace is the condition in which all this is natural and permissible; at a time like the present every personal claim ought to give way to the spirit of helpfulness and devotion. What we glimpse, however, through the fog of gossip is jealousy in its most acute phase; wire-pulling and favoritism even in the distribution of the wounded; the garb of mercy donned as the most effective toilet; factitious devotion assumed as a social grace. And in all the volume of talk, scarcely a word about the interest of the mutilated soldiers themselves. Not even when it is threatened to discipline a competent surgeon by depriving him of access to those so bitterly in need of his services.

OF the well-meant Rockefeller trip to Colorado we know only what the newspapers have been printing. Mr. Rockefeller's real intentions and opinions are as opaque as ever. We are no nearer to knowing what Mr. Rockefeller thinks of his enormous power, what he regards as his responsibilities, whether he sees his opportunities, or what he has learned from the rebellion with which his name is associated. Instead of a little clarity and candor, we are treated to bread and circuses invented by fawning newspapermen. Instead of some word or act commensurate with the tragic dignity of the Colorado mines, we were nauseated each morning for a week with an attempt to "put over" Mr. Rockefeller. The process is known as "humanizing" him. It consists in making actions and policies acceptable by kissing the baby and grasping a shovel. The fundamental assumption is that we are "idiotic Yankees," incurably gullible, sentimental, and flippant. If the newspapermen now engaged in licking Mr. Rockefeller's boots are sincerely impressed, they are too young to be at large. If they are waging a deliberate campaign of publicity, their degradation is complete. Mr. Rockefeller seems always to have been the victim of his friends. They appear to have an unlimited capac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ity for putting him in a false position. Thrust by the accident of inheritance into a position of responsibility, miseducated, uninformed, his good will has rarely rescued him from doing the awkward thing. If there was a blunder to be made he has made it. On questions related to his industrial power he seems helplessly trapped. Where the need is for direct and radical action which recognizes the force of the argument piled up against his proconsuls in Colorado, poor Mr. Rockefeller is made the center of a clownish press agent's performance and presented to the public as a kind of Billy Sulzer of industry.

A SPECULATIVE psychologist would, we fancy, note two distinct strains in the career of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. One deals with the making of his money, where he seems to stagger in the clutch of his father's tradition. Almost out of sheer filial piety he sees the production of wealth in terms acceptable to an older generation which weighs upon his spirit. The other has to do with the spending of his money. Here there is no tradition of his father's to hamper him. His endowments and his advisers reflect a younger and better age. The paradox of Mr. Rockefeller is that he accumulates his money in the spirit of the nineteenth century and spends it in the spirit of the twentieth.

IF the Duma listened to many speeches like that of Deputy Friedman on the treatment of the Jews, it is not surprising that the government hastily decided upon prorogation. The situation described is almost incredible even in Russia. Although the Jews volunteered for the army in large numbers and fought bravely in all battles, their only reward was an increase of the disabilities laid upon them. Not only did they bear the chief burden of the war, as Russian and German armies alternately swept over Poland, but hundreds of thousands of them were expelled from their homes to wander forlornly over the country. The orders of expulsion, carried into effect within forty-eight hours, were applied rigorously to old and young, to women, children, invalids and even the insane. The entire Jewish press was suspended by order of the government, and rumors were spread broadcast that the Jews were the secret enemies of Russia and were sending the Germans gold and military information. How this persecution reacted upon its victims is told in a letter which Deputy Friedman received from a Jew who had emigrated to the United States. "I risked my life," he said, "because I love my fatherland more than life itself, and even more than the liberty that I enjoyed in America. I was admitted to the military service and lost my left arm. Then I was sent to the province of Courland, but no sooner had I reached Riga than I saw at the railroad station my mother and relatives who had been expelled on that very day from their native hearth by the order of the military authorities. Tell the gentlemen who sit on the right benches that I do not regret my lost arm, but I do regret the loss of that human dignity which I had enjoyed in a foreign country."

THE prohibition cause has one extraordinary political asset. It rejoices in the most detestable opponents. The most cross-grained and arid of prohibitionists seem radiantly wise alongside the special pleaders of the liquor trade. The latest manifesto of these luminaries is to be found in the advertising pages of the less austere Eastern newspapers. Liquor, it appears, does not lessen the inhibitions. "How few notorious criminals have been known to be drunkards!" "The most notorious crooks have led abstemious lives!" Having thus proved that liquor does not favor undesirable tendencies, the Anti-Prohibition League sweeps on to assert that prohibition is not only vain but impossible. "You cannot raise the standard of morality by legislation." "Prohibitory statutes will no more change them (the intelligent voters of this great state) than they have changed the people of Maine, Kansas and other states." If the prohibitory statutes are so ineffective, what is the grievance of the liquor trade? Simply that the liquor traffic has been impeded. It is just this self-interested urgency of the potmen which illustrates the evil side of liquor traffic and enables the prohibition question to go by default.

EVEN the shortest obituary of Keir Hardie includes the fact that he did not wear a silk hat in the House of Commons. The man is memorable for that bit of symbolism. He came into English politics to represent not only the interests but the temper of those who had not been represented before. He was not there to be an amateur gentleman, another ornament in that excellent club. He was there to be something different, something ominous to royalty and class complacency. He was curiously winning. He seemed to say, "All this will fall, all these pretensions and distinctions be swept away, but do not fear, we bring no new tyranny." The sources of his sympathy were deep. Too deep, many people felt. In his later years there was a good deal of the grand old man about him. The House of Commons had got used to him, and the keener voice of labor no longer spoke through Keir Hardie. He did not cease to say what he had always said, and in the crisis of war he was true to what he had always been. But the British had got used to Keir Hardie, and the old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threats stirred few. His rebellion had become orthodox through familiarity, and through the rise of rebellions more immediate and energetic than any which could be associated with his own warm eccentricities.

UNTIL the war broke out few Americans had heard the word *bosche* or *boche,* the French soldiers' nickname for a German. It doesn't appear in the Academy's dictionary or in such editions of Littré as most of us can get hold of. In Delvau's slang dictionary its definition is "mauvais sujet, dans l'argot des petites dames, qui le préfèrent au *muche*"; which last word Delvau defines as "jeune homme poli, doux, aimable, réservé." A letter from Mr. Thomas Ogilvy to the *Spectator* supplies some additional information. He says M. Théodore Joran is his authority for saying that Littré does define *bosche,* and defines it as ulcer or pestilential tumor. M. Joran thinks it related to the Latin *bucca,* which means first the cheek, regarded as a puffable thing, and then, according to Harper's Latin dictionary, "one who fills his cheeks in speaking, a declaimer, bawler," and also "one who stuffs out his cheeks in eating, a parasite."

The Problem in Mexico

SOME months ago President Wilson announced that the policy of waiting patiently until the Mexicans had contrived a cure for their own social and political discords would be abandoned. He served notice upon the various contending factions that if they did not reach some kind of an agreement, the American government would behave so as to bring them to terms. Just what the outlines of the new American policy would be never received any official delineation, but the Washington correspondents claimed to know a good deal about it. A new Mexican government would be set up under American protection—one which would have some legal title to authority and which would be pledged to a program of pacification and reconstruction. This government would receive the moral and within limits the physical support of the American government. It would be provided with sufficient funds. Its enemies would be prevented from receiving arms and ammunition. They might even be shut out from intercourse with other countries by the establishment of a blockade. In this way an authoritative and dependable government might be established with American assistance, but without the presence on Mexican soil of a single American soldier.

President Wilson's warning to the Mexican factions failed to bring about any agreement among them. Carranza insisted that he was the only authentic Mexican government, and that the one way to reach an agreement was to secure the submission of the other factions to his authority. So President Wilson was forced by the terms of his earlier proclamation to undertake the work of reconstruction himself. He has not gone very far. His first step was an attempt to internationalize the responsibility for interfering in Mexico. He called a meeting of the diplomatic representatives of the South American states and sought to secure their acquiescence in some kind of a constructive program. After a series of conferences the Pan-American Concert followed up Mr. Wilson's earlier appeal to the Mexican factions to cease their quarrelling with a similar piece of oracular advice.

There were reasons why the new appeal fell as flat as the old. Since Mr. Wilson had determined to abandon the policy of waiting for something decisive to happen, something more decisive had happened. Carranza's generals had won a series of victories and were gradually extending Carranzista territory until it included more than three-quarters of the area of Mexico and a still larger proportion of its inhabitants. Carranza consequently was better able than ever to insist that he was the authentic Mexican government. An ill-favored thing, perhaps, but his own. His insistence was rewarded by the acknowledgment of the Pan-American conferees of the validity of his claims. They have advised the American government to grant to him the crown of recognition.

It was easier for the South American diplomats to offer this advice than it will be for President Wilson to accept it. The President has insisted throughout that he would not recognize a military dictatorship. The government which was to receive the moral and financial support of this country must be authorized to take office by an honest election conducted under constitutional forms. Carranza cannot claim any such title to political authority in Mexico, and he does not intend to seek it. He proposes to carry out the social and economic reforms, the need of which has in his opinion caused the Mexican revolution, upon his own authority as military dictator, and to postpone the organization of a constitutional government until these reforms are completed. If he becomes the acknowledged ruler of Mexico he will certainly pay very little attention to American influence and advice. The President will hardly be able to obtain any assurance from him that Mexico will meet those legal obligations to the citizens of other countries which, if ignored, might provoke subsequent European intervention. Finally, he would have no assurance as to the reality and the permanence of Carranza's own authority. The generals operating under Carranza's orders have been victorious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over their opponents because their chief controlled abundant sources of revenue and could keep them supplied with arms and ammunition. But his generals are notoriously insubordinate, and would in many cases prefer to continue their safe and profitable career of military exploitation rather than assist in the final restoration of order. The conditions in that part of the country of which Carranza's troops have been in undisputed occupation for over a year is not such as to inspire confidence either in the reality of his authority or in his ability as a pacificator.

Thus, like every other successive phase of the Mexican problem, the question of recognizing Carranza presents alternatives which are equally difficult to accept. It looks as if Mr. Wilson had reached the parting of the ways and was confronted by a decision which would compel him to abandon one or the other of the two chief objects of his Mexican policy. He has most sincerely and disinterestedly wished to help the Mexicans secure a government which could assert its legal authority and deal effectively with the work of social and economic reconstruction; but he has, we believe, been even more resolved not to let his interference explode in military intervention. The necessity of dealing with Carranza makes it increasingly difficult to keep on interfering in Mexican affairs without some kind of a physical explosion. If he recognizes Carranza it means practically that he washes his hands of Mexican affairs and confines his future relations with the Mexican government to the attempt to secure recognition of the claims for damages held by American citizens and to other similar business. Carranza, we may be sure, will be as intolerant of advice or dictation from Washington after recognition as he is now.

On the other hand, if Mr. Wilson does not recognize Carranza what can he do? He cannot recognize any alternative leader. He no longer has a chance to organize a new government under American protection. If he drifts along and refuses to take any action or to recognize anybody he will be merely conniving at a continuation of the present disorder and incurring an onerous responsibility for the ensuing famine and distress. He has no way, that is, of getting rid of Carranza as he did of Huerta, except by a sharp and effective exercise of American force. Carranza has become a big irrevocable and thorny fact which Mr. Wilson must either officially acknowledge or cut out of the way. He will scarcely adopt the second alternative, for which public opinion is not prepared, yet if he adopts the first he will have to do so in spite of grave doubts as to Carranza's ability to pacify Mexico, and at the expense of an utter collapse of American influence and prestige in that country.

Salvaging the Unemployable

TO the old-fashioned liberal the men who won't work are at once a source of practical concern and of moral relief. Their multiplication raises the poor rate, and out of their midst spring vast numbers of prisoners, to be maintained at charges heavier than the extortions of the aristocrats of old. But they serve as moral insulation against discontent with the existing order. "The unemployed are the unemployable;" why all this concern about them? "The poor are, for the most part, the ne'er-do-wells." Let us then enjoy the riches to which we are entitled by our merits—*i.e.*, the riches of which we find ourselves possessed. To the true democrat this *laissez faire* attitude is intolerable. Primitive democracy evolved the formula, "He who will not work, neither shall he eat." Social democracy is tending rapidly to combine with this the additional formula, "He who will not work, neither shall he breed." Five hundred thousand tramps, more or less, are beating up and down the lanes and highways of the country, mildly menacing life and property, seriously menacing morality and the spirit of independence. Probably there is an equal number of idlers and reprobates hanging permanently about the cities, living by the application of their wits and impudence to the credulity of the public. What are we going to do about these unemployables? Nothing, the liberal may reply. But the social democrat must offer a rational program for disposing of the problem. His hope of a world affording the requisites of life to all depends on the possibilty of disembarrassing society of the incubus of the work-shy.

To collect from the city and country the hordes of tramps and loafers, to restore as many of them as possible to independence, and to force the rest to draw their own weight—such is the end to be attained. And when one reflects on the sorry results of past efforts, the mediocre gains of the European labor colonies, the negative achievements of the British workhouses, the horrors of the American chain gangs, one is tempted to yield to the *laissez faire* counsels of despair.

Now it is possible that we have in scientific management the germ of a system by which we can handle the problem of the unemployables. What makes a man unemployable is not, as a rule, lack of good intentions, but lack of will power to master the complicated series of operations that make up even the simplest ordinary task. Observe a tramp as he labors at your woodpile, or digs in your garden. If you could not handle ax or spade with more skill than he, you too would prefer to walk from house to house, seeking bread unseasoned with labor. Yet these are the simplest tasks in the whole

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

category, and have for this very reason been set apart as a test of the good faith of men pretending to be in want through lack of work.

Scientific management can create thousands of tasks far simpler than these. Professor Hoxie reports that in his recent investigation of scientific-management shops tasks were indicated to him which were so far simplified that a man knowing nothing about the industry, and not even accustomed to any kind of manual work, could in one day master them sufficiently to earn normal wages, and in three weeks could earn a substantial bonus. Yet the end of simplification is still far away. It is within the power of scientific management to assign tasks appropriate to any degree of will power or acquired skill, even the infinitesimal.

If, then, we intend to solve the problem of the unemployable, we will abandon the agricultural labor colony as our main resource—since farm labor can not be reduced to a sufficiently simplified routine—and organize instead great industrial colonies under charge of a corps of expert scientific managers. In such shops there will be hundreds or even thousands of tasks, each perfectly definite, simple, quickly learned and easily controlled. The tramp just brought from the roadside or the loafer committed from the slums will be set at the simplest task, taught how to perform it, and kept at it until he can earn a good day's wages. He will then be advanced to another task, slightly more complicated, and gradually brought up to the normal performance. With this process repeated through a sufficient period of time, a very considerable proportion of the unemployables could doubtless be built up in their industrial habits to the point where private industrial employers would gladly take them off the hands of the state at living wages.

Up to the present point the project here advanced is nothing but a transcription of the program of the scientific managers in private establishments. In the private establishment, however, the building up of men is a by-product often sacrificed to the requirement of immediate profit. In our public scientific management shop, the building up of men would be the main product: quantity of output would be subordinated to it. But a more fundamental difference presents itself here. Scientific management cannot thrive under a system of compulsion. In private establishments its success depends upon the hearty coöperation of the men subjected to its regimen. This coöperation is secured through increased wages. Now the work-shy are in large part men who care very little for money—at least not enough to exert themselves for it. They have few wants, and such as they have are of a devitalizing, stupefying character—unrestrained sex indulgence, drugs, alcohol, or even the mere shifting of the scenes, or sleep at all hours.

Such being the case, as a counterpart of the building up of a system of industrial habits there is need of building up a system of normal wants. And this would require the presence of experts in practical psychology, to devise wholesome enjoyments, reduced to elementary form, to advance the subject from the more simple to the more complex, until in the end he might be restored to society with his full complement of wants to satisfy, as well as with the industrial habits essential to their satisfaction.

Nor does this conclude the tale of the proper functions of the industrial colony. It is matter of common observation that the work-shy frequently suffer from neurasthenia, originating, perhaps, in obscure physical lesions—latent tuberculosis, hypertrophied organs, obstructed ducts, etc. Competent medical observers would of course be attached to the colonies, and by coöperation with the psychological and industrial experts, should be able to discover and remove many such defects, thus restoring normal efficiency.

By such methods there is little doubt that a very considerable proportion of the unemployables, probably the majority, could be transformed into independent and self-respecting members of society. There would remain the permanent body of the irredeemable. These should gradually be sorted out and kept at tasks suited to their capacity under close supervision. They could be made to earn at least the cost of their maintenance, and, with due regard to the provision of suitable recreations and enjoyments, might be indefinitely interned without sacrifice of such right to happiness as society can afford to accord to their kind. Thus they would be restrained from contributing their quota of defective offspring, to the relief of the society of the future.

All this, you say, is Utopian. Where will the funds be found for such colonies? They will be found in the savings on poorhouses, penitentiaries, police and charity. And if these do not suffice, supplementary funds will be found in the sales of products. An ordinary man under scientific management learns enough about a task in one day to earn normal wages. A tramp—who, by the way, is probably at least nine-tenths of an ordinary man—ought to learn enough in a week to pay for his food. But if goods in large quantities are produced for sale by such colonies, will there not arise great opposition on the part of independent labor? Independent labor is coming to know that there is work enough in the world to go around, and that it is better to have the tramps and loafers at work than to have them sponging off the rest of society, including the independent laborers. Moreover our industrial colonies are to produce, not one kind of goods, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a multitude, and these goods are not to be dumped at cut prices, but are to be marketed through as scientific an organization as that by which they are produced. Finally, where are the experts in psychology and scientific management to be had? If we want them we can easily get them. We have already reached something very near the saturation point in the professions, yet the flood of young men and women entering the colleges rises steadily. There is a crying need for new professions, like those implied in the present project, in which the man without capital may perform work worth while for himself and for society.

Scientific management is destined to aggrandize itself progressively in the private field. It is a force promising great good, and possibly threatening serious evils. To harness it for public use as well, to make the public interest contribute to its direction, to provide experts in the public employ to offer competent criticism of it where this is needed, are incidental gains of no mean importance. They are worth having, though they bulk small in comparison with the primary object—to redeem whatever is redeemable in the mass of those at present unemployable, and to force those who cannot be restored to independence at least to draw their own weight. With this accomplished, our social energies and charitable impulses will no longer be frustrated as now by the hopeless confusion of need and worthlessness, of genuine misery and pretended hard luck. Not even the most dogmatic exponent of the doctrines of *laissez faire* and the survival of the fittest would have the hardihood to oppose social reforms in the interest of an unadulterated class of the deserving poor.

Exit Brumbaugh

PENNSYLVANIA will doubtless shudder to be compared with France, yet between the public life of the two there are certain points of resemblance. In Paris one reputation-wrecking "affaire" succeeds another; at Harrisburg scandals follow each other across the political stage with the monotonous regularity of a vaudeville program. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose" was equally true of government in both capitals up to a short time ago. Since the outbreak of war, however, France has repented and reformed. But not even dog-day heat nor the resulting political absenteeism of all the principal officers of state prevented the development recently of a Pennsylvania scandal which has wrecked the moral strength of Brumbaugh's position as governor and removed him definitely from consideration as an aspirant for the presidency.

A year ago Boies Penrose was facing the ordeal of popular election in order to return to the United States Senate. The mighty sweep of the Roosevelt movement in 1912 was still fresh in men's minds, and the "organization" was in rather a chastened mood. Clearly something was requisite in the way of "pandering a little to the moral sense of the community." Under the circumstances the nomination of Superintendent Brumbaugh for the governorship seemed a stroke of genius. Unknown to politics yet sponsored by the powerful Vare faction, immensely popular both among the Pennsylvania Dutch and the teachers of the state, and with the record of a successful constructive administration of the public schools of Philadelphia behind him, his candidacy was counted upon confidently to secure support in quarters where it was most urgently needed.

As a campaigner Dr. Brumbaugh displayed unexpected force and impressiveness. He preserved a cool aloofness from Penrose and the camp followers of the latter which was widely accepted as proof of his independence. Not satisfied with the Republican state platform he formulated certain progressive planks of his own, the most important of which was a declaration in favor of local option. Apart from the obvious incongruity of his presence on a ticket otherwise made up of notorious organization hacks, the only conspicuous error committed by Mr. Brumbaugh during the campaign was his retention of a nomination by the "Personal Liberty" party, which was currently accepted as a device of the associated liquor dealers of the state. If aware of the latter fact he was, to put it mildly, inconsistent; if unaware of it, then Mr. Roosevelt's contemptuous reference to him as "a little woolly lamb" was fully justified. But, as the event showed, Pennsylvania was too thoroughly terrified over what the Democratic party had done and still might do to the highest gods in its political pantheon, Protectionism and Prosperity, to be influenced by such attacks. The moral element, holding its nose, to be sure, voted for Penrose to save the nation. It voted for Brumbaugh with enthusiasm, convinced that he would checkmate Penroseism at Harrisburg and thus save the state.

At the end of the first legislative session under the new governor, hope of a better régime at Harrisburg seemed to be fairly in reach of fulfillment. Some doubtful appointments were made, it is true. In his fight for a local option law the governor was flatly defeated, but apparently he had exerted every ounce of his strength in its behalf, and he promised to renew the struggle before the next legislature. Only by alert vigilance and constant pressure on Governor Brumbaugh's part were the workmen's compensation and child labor laws passed, both of which represent a notable advance over Pennsyl-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vania's previous low standards. The veto power was boldly used to destroy a large number of gang measures, most important of which were the notoriously unfair "Poor-Sport" election bills. Whether justified or not, Governor Brumbaugh's veto of the full crew repealer was an act of the highest courage, considering the enormous exertions and large sums expended by the powerful railroad interests to get it through the legislature. Naturally the gangsters, child labor exploiters, and liquor interests denounced the governor roundly as an unconstitutional usurper, but to offset the antagonism of these forces he had gained the united support of the progressive element of the state.

The reversal of this situation came with amazing swiftness. During the month of July, while the governor was spending a brief vacation in Maine, a letter was made public over his signature, in which he announced the appointment, upon the express recommendation of the Vares, of one Thomas B. Smith as public service commissioner. Mr. Smith was a former postmaster of Philadelphia, a Penrose-McNichol lieutenant, and had been mentioned as a possible organization candidate for the Philadelphia mayoralty. The first interpretation of the governor's letter was that he had acted at the instigation of his friends, the Vares, in order to get Mr. Smith out of the way of Congressman William Vare. It was the ambition of the latter to become mayor that split the organization in 1911, making the success of Mayor Blankenburg possible, and this ambition was assumed to be still alive. While reformers rejoiced at this prospect of a divided opposition in the Philadelphia election, the incident nevertheless revealed the governor in so close and subservient an alliance with the Vare wing of the machine that his friends were astonished and dismayed.

Within a few days the true explanation became public. The Vares had withdrawn all claim upon the mayoralty and made their peace with the Penrose-McNichol faction. With all the contractor bosses thus united, the organization could count with certainty upon securing the two hundred millions in contracts to be given out by the next city administration. Mr. Smith was slated as a harmony candidate for the mayoralty, both factions evidently regarding him as sure to be "fair" and "safe" in the distribution of the loaves and fishes. Unfortunately his previous record in public affairs was that of a nonentity when not that of a faithful lieutenant of the organization. Apparently therefore his appointment as public service commissioner was designed to place the stamp of the governor's approval upon him and thus to elevate him in public estimation. Subsequent events warrant this explanation to the extent that after a brief service of twenty-three days Mr. Smith resigned his commissionership, to become the avowed candidate of the united organization for the mayoralty.

Instead of elevating Mr. Smith in public esteem, the incident utterly destroyed the governor's reputation for intelligence, independence, and moral courage. From one end of the state to the other he was denounced by the progressive press as either a dupe or an accomplice of the bosses. What part Presidential ambition may have played in the events precipitating his *débâcle* is left to the imagination. Recognizing their opportunity, the gang papers also swelled the chorus of denunciation and ridicule. But editorial expressions were weak compared with the disgust privately expressed by those who formerly were his strongest supporters. Once more the governorship of Pennsylvania has proved the grave of a promising political reputation.

There may be pity for Dr. Brumbaugh in Pennsylvania, but it does not often find expression. Sympathy there is none. No one even raises the plea of a first offence. So supreme was the confidence in the governor's political virtue, a confidence which he himself had laboriously sought to establish, that a single false step destroyed him. No doubt such a reaction of feeling will seem somewhat hysterical to those unfamiliar with the Pennsylvania political consciousness. And there is hysteria in it, aggravated by an obscure sense of guilt. For as long as the people maintain in power at Harrisburg "the corrupt and criminal combination masquerading as Republicans," just so long progress will be halted and reputation assassinated. Nothing will now avail to disinter Governor Brumbaugh's political character, but in justice to his memory it should be said that many of those who are crying "Ichabod" the loudest are themselves accomplices.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1915 IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL FRANCIS HACKETT
WALTER E. WEYL CHARLOTTE RUDYARD
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Economics of American Shipping

(I) Free Ships

SINCE the outbreak of the war the policy of the United States toward its merchant marine, and toward the merchant marine of other nations, has undergone a profound change. We have been forced to discard finally a policy whose origin dates back to the formation of the Union. We are striking out along new lines and invoking heroic remedies. We have been brought face to face with the need of reformulating our whole method of approach to the problem of international ocean traffic.

Traditionally, the factor which has determined the relation of a merchant vessel to the government has been its nationality. For certain purposes a ship derives from its flag the character of a citizen whose rights and privileges in foreign ports are the subject of diplomatic negotiation. For other purposes the flag renders a vessel part of the territory of the sovereign nation, subject to its domestic laws as administered by admiralty courts and consular officers. Subsidies are awarded on the basis of a ship's nationality, and special requirements are imposed on national vessels for naval purposes. The whole object of our navigation laws has been, in the language of Chancellor Kent, " to encourage our own trade, navigation and shipbuilding by granting peculiar or exclusive privileges of trade to the flag of the United States, and by prohibiting the communication of those immunities to the shipping and marines of other countries."

In the past these privileges and immunities have been substantial. The privilege of trading in waters over which foreign nations claimed sovereignty was won for American ships by purchase, by diplomatic pressure, and even by show of force. Ships under the American flag were given immunity from attack by pirates through payment of tribute, and finally through the protection of the navy. Our own registry laws were carefully designed to confine our foreign trade to American ships. An early act of Congress established a ten per cent discriminating duty in favor of imports carried under our flag. Tonnage taxes, which were only six cents a ton for American ships, were graded up to fifty cents for ships built and owned abroad. No foreign ship could proceed from its own port to another foreign port and ship a cargo thence to an American port; this trade, known as " indirect trade," as well as our whole coastwise traffic, was reserved to American vessels.

As a logical counterpart of this protective policy, special obligations were placed on American vessels. To encourage shipbuilding it was stipulated that they be built in the United States. To insure a supply of trained seamen, crew and officers were required to be American citizens. Certain standards, not too stringent, governed the treatment of the crew. On the whole, however, the burdens were far from onerous, while the benefits of American registry were susbtantial. When it is considered that our own laws, as well as those of foreign nations, made it exceedingly difficult for Americans to invest money in foreign ships, there is little wonder that practically all our foreign trade—in 1826 more than 92 per cent—was carried in American vessels.

Two factors, one political, the other economic, have contributed to the collapse of this well-rounded protective system. On grounds of political and commercial policy, the special privileges and immunities for American vessels in the foreign trade were one by one sacrified. Freedom of the seas became a cardinal principle of our foreign policy. Differential tariffs were abrogated by reciprocal treaties. Indirect trade was thrown open to nations which gave similar privileges to American vessels. Tonnage dues were made the same for vessels of all nations. And while the special privileges were withdrawn, economic causes conspired to render the special obligations which had been placed on American vessels more and more burdensome. The requirement of American citizenship for the crew was, it is true, repealed after the Civil War. Citizenship was required only on the part of watch officers. But when steam came to replace sail, and iron and steel construction drove out wooden vessels, America lost its former eminence as a shipbuilder. Lower wages, cheaper materials, and the specialized skill of her shipwrights and mechanics, enabled England to build ships substantially cheaper and better than our own. Consequently the legal requirement that ships be built in America became a burden which our merchant marine could no longer shoulder. And where our own laws repelled vessels from our flag, lavish foreign subsidies proved a potent attraction. Add to this the circumstance that American capital could under modern conditions invest in foreign shipping by the simple expedient of organizing a corporation under the laws of the foreign nation, and it is not surprising that the American flag should have been gradually driven from the foreign trade. The growth of our merchant marine in late years has been almost all in the coastwise and Great Lakes traffic. During the fiscal year which closed a month before the outbreak of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present European war less than nine per cent of our foreign trade was carried in ships under American registry.

Two attempts to revive the old system of special privileges for American vessels have recently failed. The toll rebate first proposed in favor of American ships using the Panama Canal was repealed, following urgent representations by Great Britain. And the five per cent tariff differential granted to imports in American ships has been rendered inoperative as regards all nations but France and Russia, by the recent decision of the Court of Customs Claims. In its essential features the era of special protection to American shipping has passed. The Sixty-third Congress, at the opening of the European war, swept away, with one exception, the last vestige of the special burdens which were the counterpart of the protective system. Congress admitted foreign-built ships to American registry for purposes of foreign trade, and it authorized the President to suspend, as to all vessels admitted under the new law, certain laws calling for inspection and measurement, as well as the requirement that all watch officers be American citizens. This legislation has added more than fifty per cent to the registered tonnage of the United States. As to vessels built in the United States, the requirement of American citizenship for officers is still law, and it is the only burden of any substantial character now in force bearing on American vessels more severely than on their foreign competitors. That Congress should repeal this remnant of an antiquated system, thus following the lead of almost all the great maritime nations of the world, is no longer open to any very serious doubt.

Yet even to-day complaint that the navigation laws discriminate severely against American navigation has not ceased. All the vocabulary of invective which the late David A. Wells used so effectively against the antiquated navigation laws of a quarter century ago may still be found in the mouths of shipowners. That our navigation laws are unfair to American ships is fast becoming a national delusion. In part the dissatisfaction may be traced to purely economic causes. An American vessel, bound, let us say, for a South American port, hires its crew in the United States, at the wages prevalent in American ports. A vessel bound to South America from a British port can hire a crew in England at British wages. The result is that the vessel from the United States must pay higher wages than the vessel from England, not because any law compels it to, but because the American wage level is higher. It is the route, not the nationality of the vessel, which carries with it the greater wage expense. British vessels plying between North and South America pay the same wages as American vessels on the same route. In its final incidence the disadvantage falls on the home consumer and on the competitive export trade, but it is an economic disadvantage to which our navigation laws in no way contribute.

The size of the crew on American vessels, contrary to a widespread impression, is not regulated by statute. It is provided only that all American vessels shall have a crew sufficient, in the opinion of local inspectors, for safe navigation. The legislative standard is no more than that set by the general maritime law of the leading nations of the world. On the other hand, the quality of the food and the sleeping accommodations for the crew are carefully regulated by statute. As to food, there is a consensus of opinion among shipowners that the Congressional standard, while above that of foreign countries, is far below that adhered to in practice. As to sleeping accommodations and crew space, the American standard has only during the past year been brought up to the British standard. In these respects, therefore, there is no substantial discrimination.

Another source of criticism has arisen out of the fact that administrative interpretation of certain laws relating to measurement of vessels has resulted for some vessels in a higher net tonnage than would have resulted under foreign systems, bringing with it higher tonnage dues, and an increase in a large number of private and public charges and taxes based on net tonnage. Our statutory provisions relating to measurement are the same as those of the leading maritime nations; and last March our peculiar administrative interpretation of the law was discarded by the Department of Commerce, and the British regulations adopted almost verbatim. Criticism on this score is therefore no longer justified.

Excepting the requirement relating to officers, the campaign against discriminating navigation laws has achieved its purpose. Experience has shown that any attempt to work out social and economic policies through regulations bearing only on national vessels cannot succeed. It can be stated as a law of economics that in normal times a ship will fly the flag under which it can operate at the least expense. A nation which makes it expensive for a vessel to fly its flag is merely depriving itself of a merchant marine. There is no firm foundation on which regulation applying only to national vessels can bear; no sooner is it imposed than the vessel slips away under a cheaper flag. It is as if a state declared that no firm could incorporate under its laws unless it complied with onerous conditions and adopted expensive methods of carrying on business. The result would be that firms would seek incorporation in other states.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We can place special burdens on national vessels only if we are willing to revive the outworn system of special privileges and immunities to national vessels, or to replace it with a system of generous subsidies. It is generally agreed, however, that this latter alternative is now politically unfeasible, even if it were economically sound. A half-hearted mail subvention is all that we have achieved in this direction, and its results have not been encouraging. Moreover, the most ardent advocates of ship subsidy have never considered it practicable to subsidize tramp steamers, which now carry two-thirds of the traffic on the trade routes of the world. As long as the flag remains the handle by which governmental pressure is exerted on ocean shipping, a policy of *laissez faire* is the only one possible. If there are social aims to be achieved by regulating the shipping which carries our foreign trade, we must find some other basis of jurisdiction than a vessel's nationality.

GERARD HENDERSON.

Labor's Part in England's War

IN a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC an editorial writer, speaking of the effect of the war upon the working class in England, remarks: "It is generally admitted that the war has cost the workers of England, at least temporarily, much of the gains of a century of struggle," adding, in still more pessimistic vein, that "the system of free labor is yielding to a system of forced labor." These statements seem to show that the atmosphere of our labor situation is not fully understood across the Atlantic. It is worth while attempting briefly to clear up the facts to which they refer, for as they stand, the words do the work-people of England a serious injustice, both by the suggestion that they are not able to safeguard their liberties, and by the implication that the extra work now being demanded of them in many industries is not a whole-hearted contribution to the Allied cause.

The central fact about the working class, as about every other section of the English community at the present moment, is the desire to help to win the war.

This is equally true, paradoxical as it may appear, of the great mass of the Welsh miners. Although the "class struggle" is bitterer and more self-conscious in the South Wales valleys than anywhere else in the United Kingdom, and the elements of character and temperament are more inflammable there, it must not be forgotten that the recent disputes only came to a head after the masters had refused the men's offer to refrain from putting forward their demand for a new agreement provided the owners undertook not to advance coal prices to the public. Not selfishness but resentment at capitalist war-profits was at the bottom of the Welsh, as of the other recent disputes.

There is not the slightest division of feeling between the working class and the rest of the nation on this point. The war has gripped the mass of the people as no war, not even the great civil war, has ever gripped them before. Our three-million army of volunteers is not an upper-class army: it is mainly a working-class army, an army of the common people, the most formidable fighting force, not only in numbers but in spirit, which this country has ever produced. These men from working-class homes do not all know what they are fighting for in Europe—our national neglect of the study of foreign affairs cannot be remedied in a few months—but they know very well what they are fighting against, and the presence of Belgian refugees and the continual toll of non-combatant victims on merchant ships and fishing-boats and in east-coast towns prevents them from forgetting it. It would be a great mistake to judge of the depth of English feeling by the matter-of-fact, unsentimental, and apparently unimaginative way in which the body of the public seems to be taking the war. "Every one of these islanders is himself an island," said Emerson of the English, and the saying is true of all classes to-day.

Moreover, the link between the army and the working people at home is a very close one, and is kept alive not only by correspondence but by the continual return of the wounded and of men on leave, and by visits of labor leaders to the front. If the connection between the factory and the firing-line was not fully appreciated in the early months of the war, when "business as usual" was preached us from above, this phase has long since passed away. Workmen know that their labor is needed, not simply to keep the wheels of industry running or to supply some important market demand, but because the existence of their country depends on it. For the first time since the growth of capitalism divorced the producer from the consumer and substituted the cold cash-nexus for the old sense of mutual service and obligation, workmen feel that, in Ruskin's phrase, they are providers for the nation. They have suddenly realized that they are not mere cogs in a soulless machine, but indispensable ministers to the nation's need. This has not only given them a new consciousness of their power, it has added new dignity to their work and given them a new interest in its details and processes.

The war, then, so far from throwing the work-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing class back into "forced labor," has given a powerful fillip to the growth of industrial democracy, and brought great new opportunities within the range of labor statesmanship. When the industrial aspect of the war first began to be realized by the Government the Under-Secretary for War went so far as to appeal to the trade-union leaders to "organize the forces of labor." Nothing came of the invitation, which went far beyond the powers or even the dreams of English trade-union leadership. But in the subsequent arrangements which were made to increase the output of munitions, no important step was taken without consulting the various trade unions affected. For the first time in English history labor and capital were equally consulted by the state as being equal partners in the control of industry, and labor was able to make its own terms in return for the concessions asked from it by the Government. Under the Munitions of War act of last June, which embodied the result of these consultations among the three parties, labor agreed to compulsory arbitration in the munition trades, and to the temporary suspension of any trade-union rule "which tends to restrict production or employment," in return for the limitation of profits in all workshops where these arrangements are statutorily in force, a state guarantee for the reintroduction of all suspended rules after the war, and labor representation on the local committees and tribunals set up in connection with the act.

It is of course possible to maintain, as is done by a recent writer who has detailed the facts at length ("Labor in Wartime," by G. D. H. Cole, London), that labor statesmanship has failed to rise to the level of its opportunity. From a detached and philosophic, as also from a narrowly "class-conscious," standpoint this is no doubt true. Certainly the opportunity has been unparalleled. Never since the Black Death has the demand for labor been so great, or have so many masters been running after one man. If the trade unions had chosen to adopt capitalist standards of bargaining they could have made far better terms. Or if they had chosen to make a bid for industrial control and shown themselves equal to the constructive work and responsibilities which such a policy would have involved, they could have secured a far greater permanent improvement in their status. But they did not do so, probably because neither course occurred to them. If it was legitimate for contractors in previous wars to exact the full market value of the commodity, or monopoly, they happened to control, labor might have pleaded the same excuse for putting a monopoly price on its services. But patriotism led it to create a better precedent, though in fact the wiping out of unemployment and the widespread employment of women, coupled with the state grants to the dependents of them serving in the forces, has certainly raised the standard of living in many quarters, especially in the agricultural districts and among the poorly paid and unorganized urban workers. As for a more positive policy towards industrial democracy, the failure to put it forward simply reflects the state of mind of the leaders of the trade-union movement, who have no definitive objective in view, but simply move from point to point as the public men in England are wont to do.

Moreover, public opinion does not readily turn to new social experiments in wartime, and there has been a general feeling against playing for sectional advantages. It is always deplorable to see a chance of constructive development missed, but there is only one remedy, a better education for the adult working class. In this respect the war has in fact come a generation too early. Had it come twenty years later it would have found the working class better educated, more skilfully organized, and intellectually prepared under university-trained leaders to face the industrial emergency. It would have found men knowing what they wanted, not simply what they would not have. But democracy is a plant of slow growth, and England is suffering to-day, and will continue to suffer, for having postponed compulsory education till 1870, and the attempt to put university education within the reach of adult work-people till within the last few years.

The lost opportunities, however, have not all been on the side of labor. The Government has indeed been the chief offender. It has been faced with the difficult problem of putting a democratic society upon a war basis, and it has not got through this unprecedented task without many mistakes, both of omission and commission. A democratic government cannot afford to neglect public opinion. The Government has indeed never entirely neglected it, but being an upper-class government it has often failed to understand it. Two instances only can be given here. One was the failure to deal with the prices of food and coal, a measure which public opinion regarded as the natural sequel to the steps taken early in the war to protect the bankers and the Stock Exchange; the Government's *non possumus* (since reversed in the case of coal) seemed to work-people a departure from the principle of fair play and caused widespread irritation. The other was the misguided attempt to apply by special proclamation the Compulsory Arbitration clause of the Munitions act to the Welsh miners, whose consent—unlike that of the munition trades—*had not* been secured to it. This must have seemed to outsiders to discredit the whole policy of the Munitions act: in reality it justified it, as the exception proves the rule.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is perhaps true that there has been more overt friction between the Government and the working class in England during the war than in any other of the belligerent countries. This is not due to the fact that the Government has been more tyrannical, but to the exact opposite. It is due to the stubborn independence of Englishmen and to the self-governing traditions of English life. On the Continent it may be possible to impose drastic industrial regulations on the working population, and to dispense with the cumbrous but democratic processes of consultation, deliberation and persuasion. In England it is not so. Englishmen are open to argument, and they respond eagerly to good leadership; but they suffer no driving. And it is the very qualities which have led to so much seeming friction and confusion at home—the old Puritan leaven of vigorous independence and deep resentment against injustice and tyrannical domination—which have sent so many thousands of dogged fighters into the field and will bring us through in the end.

ALFRED E. ZIMMERN.

London.

Impressions of a Plattsburg Recruit

IT is a mistake to suppose that a soldier's impedimenta are merely accessory. From the time when you first gratefully borrow them from the ordnance and quartermaster's tents to the time when you still more thankfully deliver them up, you revolve about them. In place of the ordinary organic senastions, they supply while you possess them the nucleus of the consciousness of self. Though much is made of the ceremony, there is really no credit in returning these objects to the United States Government. The real merit is in borrowing them at all. This is perhaps the bravest act a soldier is called upon to perform. There are, let it be understood, some twenty-five separate articles in this borrowed equipment, including half a shelter tent, one rifle, one canteen, one poncho, five pegs, etc., and to these one is ordered to add articles of toilet and personal apparel, bringing the total number to over thirty. These, when once you have put them together, you acquire as a part of yourself, like a permanent hump. They *might* be folded, hooked and strapped together in a thousand ways; they *must* be folded, hooked and strapped together in one way, and in only one way. And then they must be taken apart again, and combined anew for each day's journey; which is one of the most successful of the several standard devices for protecting the soldier from the corrupting influence of leisure.

When you advance upon an imaginary enemy, your corporal, whom you have learned to watch as a dog his master, shouts "Follow me!" You are wearing your hump, with its various outlying parts, such as the rifle in your hand and the canteen on your hip. By bending your body until your back is parallel with the ground, you are able to simulate running. The gait as well as the contour resembles the camel's; but alas! you enjoy no such natural adaptation for pack-bearing, nor for the rude contacts with earth that await you. For after loping forward some twenty-five yards, you are ordered to "lie down."

This is not to be construed as an invitation to enjoy a well-earned rest. On the contrary your torture is about to begin. In civilian life it is customary when lying down to select some spot or object which yields slightly to the pressure of the body, or corresponds somewhat to its outlines. But in skirmish formation you lie down in your place; if you are a rear-rank man, then half a pace to the right of your file-leader. The chances are one hundred to one that the spot fits you very badly. Nevertheless, down you go. You then hoist up on your left elbow, and address your rifle in the direction of the enemy. Your whole consciousness is now concentrated in the elbow. This member, which was never intended as an extremity, rests in all likelihood upon a rough-edged piece of granite separated from your bone by one thickness of flannel shirt. The rifle presses mercilessly upon it. Your pack, thrown forward in your fall, rests upon the back of your neck, adds itself to the weight upon your elbow, and renders it almost impossible—judged by civilian standards, altogether impossible—to look along the sights of your rifle. The pain in the elbow is soon followed by a sharp cramp in the wrist. When these parts have become sufficiently numb for you to attend to minor discomforts, you begin to realize that you are lying on your bolo knife, and that your canteen is sticking into your right hip.

At this moment the platoon leader orders you to "fire faster," and with a desperate contortion you reach around to the small of your back and grope for a slip of cartridges with which to reload your rifle. Then "Cease firing!" "Prepare to rush!" and again "Follow me!"—this time not only *to* a prone position, but *from* a prone position. You are carefully enjoined that you must get up running and lie down running, lest you shall at any time present a fixed target to the enemy. You dig a hold with your foot, summon your last reserves of strength, totter forward with all your goods hanging, dangling, dragging about you, and soon resume business with that elbow exactly where you left off. This is called "advancing by rushes," and it is customary to do it for distances of a thousand yards or more in instalments of fifty yards or less. It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is capped by a bayonet charge in which after drawing the reluctant bayonet with the right hand from just behind the left ear, and fumbling hastily about for the proper grooves and sockets, you expend your last ounce of strength in a desperate sprint uphill.

Now in this description I have made no reference to the enemy. In fact there is no reference to the enemy, at least no personal reference. There is a vague sense of the enemy's direction, described as "twelve o'clock" if it be immediately ahead, or "one o'clock" if it be a little to the right, etc. But you entertain no murderous thoughts except for the person, luckily unknown, who invented your pack; and you are not apprehensive or sorry for the enemy, for you are too profoundly, too whole-heartedly sorry for yourself.

In all this there is a most extraordinary alteration of one's scale of values. I think I can understand something of the mind of the soldier in the trenches who welcomes the order to stand erect, preferring the chance of death to another moment of agonizing cramp. At such times remote memories and prospects, the normal hopes and fears of life, are expelled by importunate sensations. One is either too acutely wretched, or too gloriously happy, for either anxiety or regret. The range of consciousness is narrowed to aches and pains, or to such soul-satisfying joys as full respiration and restored circulation.

There are compensations in hardship, wholly unsuspected by those who have not lived through them. To stretch one's limbs without a pack, to sit by the roadside against a bank, to drink lukewarm water out of an aluminum can, to eat beans out of a tub, to bathe by hundreds in one shallow brook, to mitigate the natural roughness of one's stubble bed with a bit of straw—it requires some cultivation to raise these experiences to the pitch of ecstasy. But it is worth while. When, in decorous society, one is informed that "Dinner is served," it is in apologetic and doubtful tones, as though the announcement were intrusive or unwelcome. But with what glad emotion does one spring forward, unashamed, with mess-kit extended for instant use, when one hears the hearty roar of the Falstaffian undershirted cook: "E Company! *Come* and *git* it!" . . .

There is a popular belief that it is a fine thing to be an officer, or even a "non-com." And it is doubtless important that this belief should be professed in training camps. But volumes might be written confidentially on the luxury of being a private. When, in one of the occasional lulls between the stated exercises of the day, some sergeant shouts down the company street, "Squad leaders come and get ammunition," or "Non-commissioned officers report at the first sergeant's tent," then if you are a private there steals over you the delicious realization that it does not mean you. It is like sick-call when one is well. I despair of making an uninitiated person realize the full significance of an order that does not mean you. Your poor corporal scurries out of his tent, you hastily take possession of the much coveted ramrod which he has been forced to leave behind, and then and there, thanks to your corporal's harder lot, you enjoy a genuine sense of leisure. Not that you do nothing—only exhaustion justifies that. But you clean your gun with a cosy feeling that you have got at least that day's work well in hand.

Let me hasten to add that cleaning your gun does not mean the same thing as making your gun clean. It means an infinite series of motions approaching cleanness as a limit which they never reach. Each rag seems to come through the muzzle blacker than the last. The captain calls special attention to screw-heads and other minute cavities, and you poke individual grains of sand about in them with the point of a pin; but you never get them all. The simple childlike faith with which this task of Sisyphus is performed is touching. It becomes in time a sort of harmless mania, a chronic activity which one automatically resumes whenever not diverted by more urgent business.

Corporals and sergeants enjoy no immunity from rifle-cleaning, pack-carrying, or any of the thousand duties that keep a private on a panting dog-trot from reveille to taps, and since they are burdened with other duties as well, their lot is hard. The worst of it is that they have to think and make decisions. At least they have to try, which is just as bad. But the last thing that is wanted of a private is that he should have ideas of his own. Even when in doubt as to his orders, a private who is fully alive to his prerogatives will ask his corporal, and wait patiently and restfully for him to find out. The great thing is that a private can, by an adroit passivity, both earn praise for his soldierly obedience and at the same time ease his mind. With his body he has to be everlastingly at it, and there is no escaping that pack. But the non-commissioned officer is a pack-animal who is required also to think—an unparalleled cruelty; while the commissioned officer, if he has little on his back, has much on his mind. Oh, the luxury of the vacant mind! Oh, the restfulness of the obedient and incurious will! Oh, the deep peace of hooking the canteen under the fifth right-hand pocket of the belt, without having to decide between the fourth or the fifth, or inquire why it should be either! . . .

Soldierly experiences are common experiences, and are hallowed by that fact. You are asked to do no more than hundreds of others, as good or better than yourself, do with you. If you rinse your greasy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mess-kit in a tub of greasier water, you are one of many gathered like thirsty birds about a roadside puddle. If you fill your lungs and the pores of your sweaty skin with dust, fellows in adversity are all about you, looking grimier than you feel; and your very complaints uttered in chorus partake of the quality of defiant song. To walk is one thing, to march, albeit with sore feet and aching back, is another and more triumphant. It is "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here," or "Glorious! glorious! one keg of beer for the four of us"—it matters not what the words signify, provided they have a rhythmic swing and impart a choral sense of collective unity. Special privilege and personal fastidiousness, all that marks one individual off from the rest in taste or in good fortune, seeks to hide itself. Instead there is the common uniform, prescribed to the last string and button, the common nakedness of the daily swim, the common routine, the common hardships, and in and through it all the common loyalty and purpose.

To many this is the first dawning consciousness of the fellowship of country. Patriotism is not praised or taught, it is taken for granted. But though inarticulate, it is unmistakably the master-motive. There is a fine restraint in military ceremony that enables the purest product of New England self-repression to *feel*—without awkwardness or self-consciousness. Every late afternoon at the last note of "retreat," the flag is lowered, and the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." Men in ranks are ordered to attention. Men and officers out of ranks stand at attention where they are, facing the flag, and saluting as the music ceases. Thus to stand at attention toward sundown, listening to solemn music sounding faintly in the distance, to see and to feel that every fellow-soldier is standing also rigid and intent—to experience this reverent and collective silence which forbears to say what cannot be said, is at once to understand and to dedicate that day's work.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

The Divided Balkans

BEFORE the war it was conventional in England and America to refer to the Balkan kings as puppets. They are not puppets, as England has found out to her cost. Popular opinion, never very discerning, appears to have been formed in Anglo-Saxon minds by novels such as "A King and a Few Dukes," and plays such as "Arms and the Man." Strange as it may seem, kings—even Balkan kings—take themselves seriously and prefer serious politics to romantic adventures.

The population of the four Balkan States consists of Slavs, Latins, Greeks and Turks. There is practically no Teutonic or Magyar element at all, yet the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs were allowed by England to spot the Balkans with their nearest relatives. The democrats of Great Britain thought that those royalties had no real influence. They know better now.

The Queen of Greece is a sister of the Emperor of Germany. Her husband is a Dane of German sympathies. Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Ferdinand of Rumania are both as good Teutons as can be found anywhere within the Central Empires. All three of these kings have been working night and day for the German cause, and their influence has been invaluable to that cause.

The power of a constitutional monarch varies directly with his own capacity and the ability of his own subjects to support a constitutional government. The Greeks are like Italians in a less advanced stage of development. The Bulgarians are self-respecting freemen. The Rumanians are illiterate downtrodden peasants. Therefore in each case Constantine, Charles, and Ferdinand of Bulgaria had a different problem to face when the war broke out.

It is said that the Greek "situation" began with a palace row. The Queen (such is the gossip of the diplomats) said she would go home to Berlin forever if Greece marched with the Allies. On the other hand Eleutherios Venizelos, then premier, demanded instant military action. Venizelos, once a Cretan outlaw, is a self-made man of energy and courage. He is the genius of the new Greece, the idol of the Greek liberals. He believed that Greek participation in the war was less valuable to the Allies than that of Bulgaria and Rumania, and that therefore Greece must be the first to move and that she must move with less iron-bound guarantees. He believed that he could obtain Smyrna and part of southern Albania in return for military aid, and that Greece should risk the eventual cession of the Kavalla tobacco country to Bulgaria.

The truth is that Venizelos is by nature and has been always a gambler. He is the only statesman in the Balkans willing to bet on anything but a sure thing, and with his majority in Parliament he would have had his way if it had not been for the King and Queen of Greece. The King stopped it; aided by the conservative Gounaris he over-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threw Venizelos temporarily. Venizelos has at last returned to power, only to find his "great moment" past. He has been obliged to declare openly against ceding an inch of Greek territory to Bulgaria, and with Constantine eagerly watching a chance to dissolve Parliament again, it is questionable whether he can do more for the Entente Powers than observe a benevolent neutrality. In this case the King has so far prevailed against both a man of genius and a popular majority.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria faced and still faces an entirely different problem. Public opinion rules the country, and the Bulgarian military democracy, like the Swiss military democracy, knows not only what the nation wants, but also what the nation does not want. Radoslavoff, the premier, is carrying out not his personal plans, like Venizelos, but the manifest wishes of the citizens. Against a force of that kind King Ferdinand cannot prevail, although he is without doubt the most popular and the most astute of all the Balkan sovereigns. But he acts as a diplomatic channel between Radoslavoff and the Emperors of Austria and Germany, and his legitimate political influence is immense.

Radoslavoff is an experienced old peasant representing a disillusioned peasant nation. If one asks in Sofia on which side lie Bulgarian sympathies, one is told that the Bulgarians like no other nation on earth. "Not even America?" "Not even America," says the Bulgarian, "for you Americans have been for years sending us missionaries who told us to tell the truth, and we told the truth, and look what happened to us!" This refers of course to the second Balkan War, when Servia and Greece took parts of Macedonia, Turkey, the Adrianople country, and Rumania took Silistria.

What Bulgaria does not want is Constantinople, for an empire she does not aspire to be. What Bulgaria does want is the Kavalla country in Greece, Servian Macedonia, the Silistria piece, and most of Turkey in Europe down to the outskirts of Constantinople. What she wants she wants paid in advance, and she will take no less. From the beginning of the war her attitude has remained the same, and she will certainly ally herself with the first group of nations which can guarantee an immediate occupation of the territories at stake. Her recent mobilization must be interpreted in the light of this fact.

The Rumanian problem was and is entirely different from the other two. Charles, the old King of Rumania, did his best at the outbreak of war to drive his country into an alliance with the Central Powers. There was a secret treaty between Rumania, Germany and Austria by which each party agreed to give military assistance to the others if attacked. Of the existence of this treaty there seems to be little doubt; Rumanians, Germans, and diplomats of the Entente Powers alike believe in it. But a secret treaty is seldom of much value, never if it is unpopular, and in this case John Bratianu, premier of Rumania, insisted on his traditional policy of national selfishness. After the Russian victory at Lemberg in September, 1914, King Charles had all he could do to keep the country neutral. Bratianu supported him, and between them they were barely successful in preventing the "Greater Rumanians" from forcing an active alliance with the Entente Powers. Then the old King died and his son Ferdinand reigned in his stead.

By this time two-thirds of the educated Rumanians had decided that Bratianu's policy of selfish neutrality was the right one; Ferdinand enlisted as one of Bratianu's strongest supporters, and the premier became supreme. But Ferdinand keeps in touch with the Hohenzollerns and with the Hapsburgs, and Bratianu gets the news of the war when and as those emperors desire.

Bucarest rules Rumania's illiterate peasants, and a clever man can rule Bucarest. John Bratianu is the cleverest man in the Balkans. Unlike Venizelos and Radoslavoff, he never talks, and no one knows what he wishes or what he thinks, but if he is influenced at all it is by the King. The policy of John Bratianu is simply to wait, to keep on waiting until that psychological moment arrives when the greatest reward can be won by the least fighting. Such a moment came in the second Balkan War; such a moment will come again. Whether it will be Transylvania won from Austria or Bessarabia won from Russia cannot now be foreseen, but one thing is clear—Bratianu cannot be hurried.

That is the Balkan situation. Meanwhile the Allies are attacking the Dardanelles. If they had been able to take Constantinople before the Germans and Austrians were ready to invade Servia to the Bulgarian border, Bulgaria and Rumania would have become allies of the Entente Powers. But if Servia is conquered, Bulgaria and Rumania are likely to march with the Germans and Constantinople will never fall. And each Balkan king is watching for that concentration of troops at Temesvar in Hungary which means the beginning of the final act of the Balkan drama. The day that Germany controls the railroad from Berlin through Belgrade to the Bulgarian frontier, and thence through Sofia to Constantinople—the route of the Orient Express—that day Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Ferdinand of Rumania will demand in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tervention in favor of the Central Powers. If Austria and Germany can spare 750,000 to 1,000,000 troops, Servia can be surely crushed, Bulgaria and Rumania controlled, and Constantinople saved.

GERALD MORGAN.

The Merciers in Topsbridge

THIS is a bad summer for lovers of France. Following her trial from across the Atlantic has to me, at least, seemed like watching a sick bed from a distance: the less I could do to help, the more I magnified the suffering and the symptoms. But thanks to a French bourgeois family whom the war has marooned in Topsbridge, I have recovered my sense of proportion.

The Merciers are not plain bourgeois. They are bourgeois-bohemian, a species that looks very queer in New England, or any other Anglo-Saxon portion of our country. It is alien even in New York. M. Mercier is a musician, a 'cellist of international reputation, and you at once perceive in him the artist's passion and zest for life. His face, in spite of its rather heavy outlines, fairly flickers with humor—a spicy, Rabelaisian humor, emphasized by a brush of tawny hair and a pair of startling blonde moustachios. Yet the most solid, and rural, and domestic, and endearing of the French bourgeois virtues stand out all over his protuberant person. He is built on a large plan, and when I meet him walking on our country roads, between Madame, his equally monumental wife, and Mademoiselle his daughter, it is literally impossible to believe in shells that fall like express trains into ancient Gothic towns; in heartbroken women dragging back from concentration camps with new-born babies wrapped in newspaper in their arms. This genial family group suggests the lesser cafés of the Boulevards, the Concert Touche, the Bois on a Sunday. It suggests a little rose-arbor where, after a day spent in digging his ancestral acre, in counting the apples on the trees, and the bunches of grapes on the vine, a man may sit in his shirtsleeves in the midst of his embroidering and admiring women-folk, drink pink sirup, and contemplate the borders.

The country estate where Mercier has been accustomed to hasten every June to forget the trials of the American musical season, is now within five miles of the firing line. The high slate-roofed villa, the bees, the hens, the *potager,* the box-hedges, the autographed photographs of famous composers, the bound volumes of the classics, the linen sheets and the carved walnut armoires that contain them, the trousseau of Mlle. Jeannette—two dozen of everything, as her mother tells me, recently made and stored in the same cupboards: all these treasures may any day be plundered, trampled, battered into nothingness. Yet the French power of accepting the irrevocable is such that the Merciers do not behave as if their present abode in New England Topsbridge were an anxious exile; never has the small white farm-house where they have taken refuge looked so gay and so human as this summer.

Its minute front yard, lately a tangle of phlox and sweet-william, is planted with neat rows of lettuce and romaine. Why, asks Madame, sacrifice a good square yard of ground? I saw three hens on the doorstep the other day, enmeshed in a string bag—such a bag as all the old French peasant women with whom one has travelled in third-class railway carriages, nurse, stuffed with similar live-stock, on their alpaca knees. These hens are now being tenderly fattened by the 'cellist in a coop built of old window-screens. He has a weakness for hens, as one hears, but nothing in his own manner hints that three are poor picking after the three hundred he used to feed in the Artois dawn. Monsieur himself in the khaki knee-breeches and coat he affects reminds one irresistibly of a Rhode Island red rooster. The very pale, very round, very prominent blue eye he cocks at you over a long beak-like nose confirms the illusion, and the plume of tawny hair that tops the whole adds a final touch of *panache.* Yet Mercier is the simplest, the least self-conscious of men. If summer nights grow intolerably hot, and Topsbridgites lie gasping in conventional flannels in their piazza chairs, the light of the French evening lamp reveals through the thin muslin curtains a comfortable figure in striped pajamas copying manuscript music. What is the country for, if not for industrious ease? This is sound bourgeois-bohemian logic, and gives an evening call at the Merciers the atmosphere of a Balzac novel.

Madame, though she has even more reason to find it trying, makes light of the American summer weather. "Of course we are not used," she says, "but *enfin,* I have a good cel-laire, I take my book there and spend the day." Fortunately, the cellar does not often swallow her up. She sits instead on her side porch, beside an elderly *bonne*—who has lately been rescued from the hypothetical mercies of les Boches, but must on no account *faire des relations* in Topsbridge—and salutes the passers-by with a smile through which glides the shadow of a fascinating past. Madame fits least of this family into the New England scene. She calls up for me a most definite picture: a hard, white, straight French road, a loop of shining river, a line of sentinel poplars, a grey, arched bridge, and beside it a little open-air café with green iron tables. In every such

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

café, a year ago, sat a lady exactly like Mme. Mercier: eminently bourgeois, yet with something vaguely histrionic about her; superabounding, yet seductive; wearing as she does an enormous black hat very much aslant on coils of blue-black hair dressed with yellow combs; and always carefully balanced on the edge of her chair. In Madame Mercier's case, it is not a glass she looks down at over a blouse all purple zig-zags and orange buttons, but a volume of Molière. She has a pupil in the French drama.

Classes, indeed, have sprung up as naturally from the family talents as salad from the flower-beds—here is another proof that bourgeois France is still alive. Securities are insecure; les Boches, however mythical, are real. So M. Mercier, with his distinguished gift and his sensitive ear, teaches harmony to the tuneless, and takes an active and paternal share in Mademoiselle's classes as well. Mlle. Jeannette, a handsome, red-cheeked, capable girl, has brought back from Paris the latest thing in musical gymnastics. I doubt, though, if she gets as much satisfaction as her father does from watching a group of ladies in their bathing suits spasmodically struggling for "rhythms." M. Mercier makes a gallant effort to keep his shoulders steady, sucks in his moustache, but has to bend his expressive face far over the piano to hide the wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"H'attention, hop!" cries Mademoiselle. "Now, papa, they may do the chorus," and the piano strikes up—

Au clair de la lune
Mon ami Pierrot—

To hear M. Mercier's happy voice rolling out the old nursery song while Warsaw is falling, is the most heartening thing in the world. It seems as if little girls with bare knees and fluffy skirts must still be skipping rope in the Luxembourg Gardens, and gamins in black aprons buying hot, sugared *gauffres* for one sou. Mme. Mercier's brother is in the trenches, near Rheims. Several cousins have been killed, her *bonne* has lost a son. Unspeakable things happened to the women and children half a dozen villages from theirs. But one hears nothing of atrocities. Nor does one see a sock or a bandage in these ladies' hands. Indeed, I fancy I detect a shade of veiled amusement when mornings of "relief work" are mentioned by the pupils. The Merciers have got beyond that. While we Americans invent palliatives, try even to delude ourselves into believing that the horrors of war cannot be, because they do not fit our vision of an ideal world, they are looking war full in the face. France is invaded—no fact could be more blasting. Yet why, runs the bourgeois adage, revolt against what happens in spite of you? Better accept it to-day, lest you have to do so to-morrow on less convenient terms.

The Merciers know, and so do I, when the family phalanx looms quaintly above my stone wall, that even if France were annihilated they would never become American. Topsbridge is only a makeshift; the State House dome is only the symbol of a livelihood. We look decidedly queerer to them than they do to us. In spite of their humanity and their sociability—and how they have brought Topsbridge together!—a barrier of perfect manners is definitely interposed between us and their vital emotions. That is really the reason they cheer me so. There is an expectancy about their philosophy, their practical competence, their good-humored physical well-being, their secret detachment, which persuades me that the cafés on the Boulevards will before long be full of the old life; that red-roofed country villages will once more be steeped in immemorial peace; that the bourgeois-bohemian will again look lovingly out from his quiet garden on the complex, civilized pattern of rural France.

COMMUNICATIONS

Political Philosophy in Germany

SIR: In his book on "German Philosophy and Politics," Professor Dewey has proposed an original view of what is wrong with the philosophy of the government responsible for the present war. It has been commonly felt that on Germany's part this war has a philosophy behind it, and a bad one. Many of us have been supposing that this philosophy stood in strong contrast with the idealism with which Germany began the nineteenth century. During the time when the present policies of the German government were shaping themselves, the prevalent state of mind was openly hostile to these idealistic teachings, and Germany was listening to leaders who learned far more directly from scientific experience and from the bitter examples of successful statecraft that were at hand, especially in English practise. We thought that Germany had learned these lessons only too well, and with native thoroughness had carried them to extremes at which we, who had in some measure been practising them, were forced to abhor them. As opposed to that early idealism, this philosophy was one which justified expediency as against principle; which had cured the German spirit of the weakness of sympathy and humanity; which had freed itself from the idea of absolute obligation toward treaties or elsewhere, and had become efficiently Darwinian and pragmatic.

In Professor Dewey's eyes we have been making a mistake, and a serious one. The trouble with Germany, he finds, is not in the rejection of its idealists, but in the vestige of their doctrines that it still retains. It is Kant in particular who has misled Germany, by giving a philosophic sanction to a certain native hypocrisy in the national

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blood which disposes it to revel in the inner flattery of idealistic sentiment while doing what it pleases in the outer world of hard facts. This was not quite foreseen or intended by Kant; but he had set up an absolute principle of duty, so formal and spectral that it could not be said to command anything in particular, and yet one which spurned instruction from experience. Such an absolute law, like the swept and empty house of Scripture, was open to occupancy by any usurping devil; and so Scharnhorst, Hegel, Bernhardi and others trooped in, setting up in the vacant sanctuary "the good of the State" as a concrete object of supreme devotion. Thus the nation has come to use the name and inner unction of the idealist's absolute duty to support the principles of Machiavelli, Frederick and Bismarck. This result is persuasive to the German mind chiefly because the German mind is disposed to have its absolute; abandon this "traffic in absolute," and the supreme good of the German state fails to impose on belief as an ultimate end; it becomes an end to be tested, like all others, in the crucible of experience. It must break down at last before the higher good, "furtherance of the depth and width of human intercourse." This, as I read it, is Professor Dewey's diagnosis of the German distemper.

He therefore recommends to American policy a more radical experimentalism; let us have done with absolute or fixed principles, such as "nationality" or "sacred rights;" let us regard everything as subject to test, discussion, measurement, compromise, adjustment, revision. Of course, while we are trying a theory out, we try it as if it were, for the time, worthy of complete confidence, and to become "established," for that is what giving a trial means. And we are forced to inquire whether the German government is not at the present moment faithfully following the experimental prescription: it is trying its own theories to see how they work. It believes firmly that its methods are the methods that succeed; and it believes so not because of anything that Kant taught, but because of the way in which it has recently been interpreting history, led by its series of economic historians from Marx (who precisely inverted Hegel's view of history) to Lamprecht and Schmoller. Perhaps official Germany still expects to find these principles confirmed by a successful issue of the war, and if such should be the case, would Professor Dewey have any argument from the armory of the experimental philosophy against them, as principles suitable for Germans? He might urge that what in such an event would work very well for the victors would work very badly for the victims; and unless a principle works all around, it cannot fairly be said to work. But this is exactly the test that Kant uses; it is, in fact, his "absolute law:" any maxim, said he, that can be made universal is a good one, any other is a bad one. This law does not indeed prescribe any specific line of conduct; but, as the present instance shows, it would be highly inaccurate to infer that it is of no effect in guiding concrete action, or in distinguishing between a good course and a bad one. Germany's course might be defined as experimentalism without the Kantian corrective.

Upon close scrutiny of Professor Dewey's argument, however, the substance of his criticism seems to be, not that Germany has an absolute, but that it has the wrong absolute. Has he himself done more than to transfer the putative crown of the absolute moral end from "the good of the German state" to "the furtherance of human intercourse"? If it were true that Germany to-day believes in an absolute duty, the trouble would be, on Professor Dewey's showing, only that it gives this absolute too narrow a definition. But this is an error which can certainly find no sanction in the Kantian philosophy. For Kant did in fact try to fill his formally empty house with a maxim identical in effect with that which Dewey proposes: "Treat humanity as an end in itself, and never as a means only." Can anyone with the slightest historical justice credit the German government of to-day with following *this* Kantian principle? If this were taken by the government as an absolute of inflexible rule, would there have been any war? And would Professor Dewey have had anything to criticise?

The fact of the matter seems to be that the ruling party in Germany does not at heart believe in any absolute duty. It is radically experimental or pragmatic, which is what *Realpolitik* essentially means. It does indeed go about its work as desperate action always does, with relentless dogmatism and a liberal invocation of the name of God. It flourishes an absolute: but this absolute is not even verbally of Kantian origin—it has its roots in the ancient piety of Germany, transferred to the historically un-German doctrine of the divinity of the monarch and of the state. But assuming for the moment that this appeal to absolute right had a sidelong reference to Kant or Hegel, is anyone outside of Germany convinced by it that the German government believes in its own language, or is actuated by any idealistic faith? What most of us seem to feel here is rather a discrepancy between the profession and the actual belief exemplified in behavior, a mental dishonesty which can neither be traced to Kant's philosophy nor attributed to the normal character of the German people. And surely we cannot fairly judge the character of any philosophy by those who cloak themselves in its phrases without a shadow of faith in its substance.

The issue raised by Professor Dewey is not a slight one. It involves not only the good name of German idealism—which with all its strut and abstraction is worth defense, for we must allow Germany what spiritual asset she still has—it involves also our own American political thinking. The American people is becoming conscious of its need for a political philosophy which expresses its character. Largely through this war the conviction has become strong within us that we have a distinct character, and something to stand for. When Mr. H. G. Wells made the tour of America whose results were published in "The Future of America," he failed to find any such conviction: he said we were "state-blind." This condition of things has come to an end. We have a political character, and are conscious of it. Is it expressed in the philosophy of experimentalism? Our national protests against submarine outrages have been based throughout on the ground of rights that are assumed stable. Experimentalism at this point would rob our national attitude of what punch it has. We need not, and do not, assume in these documents that we know in detail what is absolutely right and good; but we are bound to believe that there is such a thing as principle and right, and that there are certain rules which come so close to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

embodying it, in the existing cases, that we shall put an inflexible will behind them. They have been experimented with during all previous history, and they have been experimented with enough. We do not propose to experiment further with slavery, nor yet with our main positions upon the "rights of man," though we have much work to do in defining those rights. There can be no doubt that our own experiment in government has suffered from an overdose of absolute *a priori* theorems borrowed from England and France (surely not from Germany) in the framing of our constitution. It will take time, as Professor Dewey declares, to weed out this mass and determine what things they are to which we shall hold fast. Here an experimental temper will help us on. It is always easy to be absolute about too much, and the critic of the absolutist is always needful. But that is a far cry from the rejection of all absolutes—that is, of all fixed principle. I should prefer to accept the other side of Professor Dewey's faith, and adopt "the furtherance of human intercourse" as a good beginning toward defining an absolute end.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING.

Cambridge, Mass.

In Reply

SIR: The correctness of my account of the historic development of the German temper of mind is of limited interest compared with the other question which Professor Hocking raises—a question which, as he truly says, concerns our own American political thinking. Shall our political philosophy be experimental, or shall it be *a priori* and absolutistic? My book on German Philosophy and Politics was certainly addressed to American, not German readers; it was animated by the hope that it might do something, however slight, to make Americans conscious of the discrepancy which exists between the tenor of our activity and our current theory and phraseology about that activity. To make a specific application, I do not feel easy when I find that, say, the divergence between President Wilson and Mr. Bryan as to the method of dealing with the present international situation rests upon a common assumption of "immutable principles," waiting ready-made to be fastened upon the situation; the divergence being that Mr. Wilson, as a lawyer, finds them already embodied in a legal code, and Mr. Bryan, as a sentimental moralist, finds them embodied in the great heart-throbs of an altruistic humanity. I can but think that we should be better off if we had recognized from the beginning that the question was to find out what we really wanted, and what the moving forces of the situation permitted, and how to go intelligently about getting the ends decided, after due deliberation, to be desirable.

But Professor Hocking disagrees. He finds that the matter with us is that we have been too pragmatic, too empirical and experimental, and that the conduct of Germany is an object lesson to us of what that sort of a philosophy leads to; a warning, presumably, to return to some absolute and eternal code—just whose, however, he fails to tell us. And so it appears that the accuracy of my statement of Germany's mental diathesis is relevant to the issue between us. For Professor Hocking has not grasped my position. I have not said that the behavior of the rulers of Germany was dictated by an idealistic philosophy. I meant (and said) that it was a *Realpolitik*—highly pragmatic if you please. Of course it is; all action as action is pragmatic. But the prevalence of an idealistic philosophy full of talk of Duty, Will, and Ultimate Ideas and Ideals, and of the indwelling of the Absolute in German history for the redeeming of humanity, has disguised from the mass of the German people, upon whose support the policy of the leaders ultimately depends for success, the real nature of the enterprise in which they are engaged. Does Professor Hocking believe that the German people are supporting the war because *they* think it is a measure of "practical expediency"? If so, what and where is his evidence? For myself, while I should hesitate to accept the utterances of representative Germans in the present excitement as satisfactory evidence regarding objective facts, I think they are wholly acceptable evidence regarding their own state of mind. And that state of mind is one which naturally expresses itself by appeal to Kant, the categorical imperative, and the traditional idealism of Germany. Does Professor Hocking deny this? If not, what does he make of it?

What I make of it, I repeat, is not that the Germans are conscious hypocrites, but that in a world where men act pragmatically, it is dangerous to entertain a philosophy which is at odds with the facts of action, since such a philosophy will mask from men the real nature of their activities and encourage them to engage in one kind of action feeling that they have the sanction of ideas of a radically different kind. Yet I recognize that in a society organized as is Germany, class stratifications, and an efficiently organized hierarchy of subordinations, give appeal to *a priori* concepts a certain solid backing. "Immutable principles" are but sublimations of the emotions attending the actual organization of society. There is no such intellectual uncertainty and confusion in a German appeal to an absolute philosophy as there is, inevitably, in its American analogue—which to my ear always has a deplorable thinness and unreality.

Let it not be thought that to admit—or rather assert—that German action is pragmatic and experimental is to give away the case. What is at issue is the difference between an activity which is aware of its own character, which knows what it is about, which faces the consequences of its activities and accepts responsibility for them, and an activity which disguises its nature to the collective consciousness by appeal to eternal principles and the eulogistic predicates of pure idealism. Let me close by rewriting a sentence of Professor Hocking's: "Infected by a romantic idealism, the current popular philosophy of Germany justifies measures undertaken because of narrow expediency in the name of eternal principles; it justifies acts devoid of sympathy and humanity on the ground that they are in the interest of an ultimate evolution of humanity possible only through the leadership of a people which appreciates the truth of pure idealism and the meaning of pure duty; it justifies breaking of legal and therefore external and temporary obligations in behalf of an unconditional obligation to fulfill an historic mission as organ of the Absolute."

JOHN DEWEY.

New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VERSE

Outward Bound

Windlass Chanty

Oh, soon she'll bite the swell—the breeze is singing;
Sandy Hook is dropping fast astern!
Come, walk her up, my boys—the pawls are ringing;
And the long low coast goes down.
Then it's good-bye, and a year we'll be a-sailing;
Sandy Hook is dropping fast astern!
So sheet your topsails home—the dawn is paling;
And the long low coast goes down.

Out of Sight of Land

The sea seemed very blue and wide,
After the muddy harbor tide;
The slender masts seemed strange and high,
Towering with canvas to the sky;
The deck became the scene of tales,
Under the shadow of the sails;
A new life entered in the ship,
We watched the main-truck wheel and dip;
And felt her lift beneath our feet,
With able lunge and motion sweet;
She slipped along with little fuss;
The broad horizon circled us;
Over the ocean's floor appeared,
The lonely spirit never feared;
To us who knew and loved the sea,
It seemed like home—and we were free!

Trade Winds

Northeast trade winds bore us south,
Southeast drew us on;
We met the ships from every port
For Good Hope or the Horn.
Seas so quiet, skies so blue,
Little squalls of rain;
The winds that blew about the world
Filled our hearts again.

Fernando de Noronha

We lay becalmed; the white-hot sun
Beat down above an even swell;
And, clear upon the starboard bow,
Stood out your spar-like Pinnacle.

The Westerlies

Cold winds, dead aft, and heavy running seas
That swung us onward faster than the breeze;
Bleak days, and lurid sunsets, and wild skies,
And lonesomeness that broods as the light dies;
Abandoned course, below the happy world;
A staggering ship, with upper canvas furled,
Flooded by crashing seas, day after day,
In the Roaring Forties, where the wind has its way.

Christmas Island

One day we raised your lonely hills
Like clouds against the sky,
And proved our course, and held our faith,
And passed you by.

The North Watcher

What poet named you, setting your lighthouse there
On a lone island, lighting all the miles
Of dangers, pointing for ships your channel fair,
North Watcher, heading the Thousand Isles?

Gasper Straits

We passed the Watcher late at night,
And dawn put out its sinking light;
All day we held the fair monsoon,
All night we ran beneath the moon;
And in the early morning hours
We smelled the near land and the flowers,
And saw abeam, the hillsides on
The southwest point of Billiton.
A little lighthouse, white as snow,
Looked out upon the Straits below;
Each garden was a little square,
Terraced and blooming everywhere;
Toy cows were grazing on the grass,
Toy men ran down to see us pass;
It must have been a pleasant place
To wear that glad and smiling face;
But we held such a steady breeze,
The village soon was lost in trees.

The Fishing Fleet

Brown sails of fishing boats
On a sea of jade,
Startled at early dawn,
Fleeing afraid.
Far as the eye can see
Into the sun,
Count we their endless fleet
One by one.
Dim foreign hills in sight
There on the beam;
Voices, now close aboard,
Like ghosts they seem.
Brown sails of fishing boats
On a sea of jade,
Leaving on either hand
The wake we made.
Yellow foam of breaking waves
On a jade-green sea;
Brown junks with brown sails
Windward and lee.

Hong Kong

In Lymoon Pass we felt the land
Grow near and high on either hand;
Strange voices shouted through the night;
Strange junks flashed out a signal light;
And soon we reached the land-locked bay
Where all the quiet vessels lay;
And felt the touch of life again,
And smelled the fresh land after rain;
While out from ships and hills and shore,
There stole a voice we knew before.

Lincoln Colcord.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the Play

PERHAPS the stage would reflect life more accurately if one out of every twelve plays dealing with marriage represented marriage as ending in divorce. Yet I am far from demanding of American playwrights so nice an obedience to "the laws which statistics have laid down for our guidance." Looking at my married acquaintances, I discern no slavish conformity to the one-in-twelve rule. What I see are husbands and wives who appear to get on well enough, husbands and wives who don't get on well and don't separate, husbands and wives who don't get on well and do separate. What I see very seldom, except on the stage, are husbands and wives who are miserable together, who reach a crisis in their relation, and who live together after the crisis in an above-the-average happiness. In my experience these sudden conversions are rare.

So much by way of preface I must say in fairness to Mr. Charles Kenyon, because if my experience had been different my objections to his "Husband and Wife," now playing at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, would not have been what they are. Mr. Kenyon's husband and wife, Richard and Doris Baker, are very unhappy, not without cause. Richard, much older than she, has mistakenly assumed that the way to keep her love is to give her plenty of money and never to tell her where the money comes from. Doris, spending money with colossal freedom, kept in total ignorance of Richard's business affairs, resents being treated like a child. Her anger blinds her to Richard's state of mind. He has been stealing from the bank in which he is cashier, has been speculating and losing, is in desperate fear of being found out. She is on the point of eloping with Patrick Alliston, a rich Irishman whom she does not love. The elopers get no further than the railway station. Doris returns and learns the truth—the bank examiner has discovered the embezzlement to which her extravagance has tempted Richard. Husband and wife learn how deep their love is. Mr. Kenyon beckons our minds to follow him into the future, to behold Richard and Doris living happily, forgetting now their undoing and the years of their grief, now when the sad days are over, and the old quarrels dead, and all wounds are healed that each gave the other.

Well, their future might be like that, no doubt. But I don't feel certain that it will be. Doris has been not only extravagant, but hard and blind. Richard has been quite conceivably and humanly blind and unwise. Mr. Kenyon, after showing me these their characteristics, asks me to believe that henceforth, with her extravagance and his reserve at an end, their characters will change. And I resent Mr. Kenyon's being so certain about this change. All through his play he has made out a good case against the conventional optimism of his ending. So Richard and Doris were not real persons after all, I said to myself when the play was over, but only routine happy-enders, stage figures whose future success in the difficult art of living together is guaranteed by one moment of understanding, one gush of reconciliation.

Nor is this the only instant at which Mr. Kenyon's refusal to ask a question, to hint a doubt, aggravates the difference between his moral taste and mine. He would have us rejoice because Richard Baker, embezzler, is kept out of prison. Well, I do rejoice, but at the same time I wonder whether, from Richard's standpoint, going to prison and serving a sentence mightn't in the long run pay. And I can't share Mr. Kenyon's entire satisfaction with the expedient by which the fifty thousand Richard stole is to be returned to the bank. The bank examiner is an old friend. For years he has loved Doris with a pure and carefully screened flame. He puts up twenty-five thousand of the fifty. The other half comes at his instigation from Patrick Alliston, the rich Irishman with whom Doris was about to elope, and whose contribution is forever to be kept secret from Doris and Richard. Neither to the bank examiner nor to Mr. Kenyon does it occur to ask whether such an arrangement is quite fair to Richard. From the bank examiner, condemned by nature to be a heart of gold, one expects such obtuseness. From Mr. Kenyon one expected something better.

Nearly meaningless as a whole to the mind, because of the stale and futile optimism in which Mr. Kenyon has chosen to conclude, "Husband and Wife" does interest even the mind in a good many places. Many bits are freshly observed, many replies surprising and natural and right, the surface of life is again and again seen and rendered. And when you have spoken of his observing eye and his ability to make words count, you have by no means finished the story of Mr. Kenyon's talent. Although the embezzler's character is not deeply studied, his state of mind is put before you with sincerity and clearness. So good is Mr. Kenyon at suspense that, except just at the end, his play is almost continuously interesting to the nerves. In parts it is not conventional at all, as in the case of the lover, who is not presented either as a villain or as having, save for one moment of contagion, a heart of gold. The play is well acted by Mr. Robert Edeson as the husband, in spite of a little mannerism, by Miss Olive Tell in her quieter, almost parenthetic moments, and by Mr. Montagu Love.

Of all the impertinent questions which may be asked of a playwright, the one most sure to irritate me by its confident a priorism is always this: "Only why do you call it a play?" Therefore, when I go to the New Amsterdam, and find that Beulah M. Dix has carefully excluded from "Moloch" so many of the ingredients that most playwrights would feel bound to put into a play about war, I bow down before her and wish her play long life. She has refused to let in romance-worship, hero-worship, glory-worship, courage-worship. Her aim is to contrast the everyday prose of peace with the everyday prose of war, and her method is to show us what war does to an everyday family.

The biggest prize I get out of "Moloch" is a first-hand sense of the sudden appearance, in your house or mine, of an absolute power, different in degree and in kind from anything we have known since we came of age. This military power is exerted with brutality by one of the invaders, gently and considerately by another, with measured necessary injustice by a third. The gentle invader, a young lieutenant, while asleep in the house where he is quartered, is stabbed by a madwoman. A woman with so sick a mind would in time of peace most likely be sent to an asylum, no matter what crime she had committed. The ways of war are more summary. "Take her out and shoot her," says another of the invaders. And we feel, as Beulah M. Dix meant us to feel, that he couldn't very well decide otherwise, and that his decision and our feeling about it are a criticism of war. And it was war, by the way, that drove the woman mad.

Q. K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

MUCH reading of interviews with returning travellers who had almost seen Zeppelins over London, and of wireless messages from other travellers who had come even nearer seeing the great sight, had made me, I suppose, morbidly desirous of escape from a city where other such travellers were presumably at large. However that may be, when Mrs. Watkin asked me to spend Sunday at her place in the country, I broke an old habit and said I'd go. When last I had visited her house she worshipped success in the arts, and her recipe was to have a few successes to talk and a lot of us unsuccessful persons to listen. At that time her aesthetic was easy to understand. "Every great statue," she said, "is set up in a public place. Every great picture brings a high price. Every great book has a large sale. That is what greatness in art means." Her own brand of talk was not in conflict with what she would have called her then creed. She never said a thing was very black. She never said it was as black as the ace of spades. She always said it was as black as the proverbial ace of spades. Once I ventured to insinuate that perhaps it would be more nobly new to say "as black as the proverbial ace of proverbial spades," but the suggestion left her at peace with her custom. Well, when I got to her house last week, and had a chance to scrutinize the others, they did not look as if she had chosen them after any particular pattern.

Dinner, however, soon enabled us all to guess the model from which Mrs. Watkin had striven to copy her occasion. I was greatly relishing the conversation of my left-hand neighbor, a large-eyed, wondering-eyed woman, who said little and seemed never to have heard any of the things I usually say when dining out, and who I dare swear would have looked gratefully surprised had I confided to her my discovery that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Before we were far gone with food the attention of this tactful person was torn from me by our hostess, whose voice was heard above the other voices: "Oh, Mr. Slicer, do tell us your experience. I want *all* our friends to hear it." Mr. Slicer, identifiable by the throat-clearing look which suffused his bleached, conservative face, was not deaf to her appeal. He had just returned from London, where he had been at the time of the Zeppelin raid, and although he had not himself been so fortunate as to see a Zeppelin, but had merely been a modest witness of the sporting fortitude with which London endured that visitation, the Zeppelin-in-chief had actually been visible to the brother of his daughter's governess. "At the noise of guns," said Mr. Slicer, "we all left the restaurant where we were dining, Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Moore, Asquith, Miss Pankhurst and I, and walked, not ran, into the street, where it was the work of a moment for me to climb a lamp-post, whence I obtained a nearer view of what was going on overhead. Nothing there but blackness." Instinctively I glanced at Mrs. Watkin, upon whose lips the passage of words like "as the proverbial ace of spades" was clearly to be seen. "Of course," Mr. Slicer went on, "I couldn't indefinitely hold my coign of vantage, which I relinquished in favor of Mrs. Humphry Ward, to whom at her laughing request George Moore and I gave a leg up. She remained there a few moments, one foot on my shoulder and one on Sir Edward Carson's—she is not a light woman—and then we helped her down, Asquith and I. When I got back to my lodgings in Half-Moon Street I found that the governess's brother, who had been lucky enough to see a Zeppelin, had gone home. I shall not soon forget my experience." This narrative was wonderful to my left-hand neighbor. It made her feel as if she had really been there and seen it all with her own eyes.

Mr. Mullinger, who was the next speaker on Mrs. Watkin's list, and who had returned from Europe on the same boat with Mr. Slicer, had had a different experience. On the evening of the raid he was in a box at the theatre where Guitry, who had run over from Paris, was appearing in the title rôle of *Phèdre,* when the noise of firing was heard above the alexandrines of Racine. "With great presence of mind," so Mr. Mullinger told us, "Guitry came down stage, right, and said in quizzical tone to us: '*Eh bien, chère petite folle et vieux marcheur,* just run up to the roof, will you please, and tell us what it's all about, don't you know.' The Princess and I stood up and answered in the same tone, 'Right-O, *mon vieux,*' and were aboard the lift in no time. From the roof we could see nothing, and as it was raining and we had no umbrellas, we of course didn't stay. When we got back I stepped to the front of the box and said: 'The Princess and Mr. Mullinger beg to report that on the roof it is raining rain.' The words were nothing, if you like, but I spoke them just like that, with a twinkle in my eye, and perhaps it was that twinkle which reassured the house and started a roar of laughter. The performance went on as if nothing remarkable had happened. Wonderfully poised, the English." And this narrative, too, was so fortunate as to satisfy my left-hand neighbor. It made her feel as if she had been there herself, and heard all these wonderful things with her own ears.

After that, until near the end of dinner, it was all Zeppelins, and I hope I convey to every one within sound of my voice something of my own patriotic pride in a country whose natives when abroad among foreigners consort so freely and easily with the greatest of these. No discordant note was heard until the very finish, when young Puttins, who as everybody knows has not been further from New York than Asbury Park all summer, told us that on the night of the raid he too had been in London, where his only club was the Athenaeum. When the alarm was given he was in the Athenaeum pool with Mr. Hall Caine, in whose company it has for years been his custom to take a good-night swim. "Imagine my alarm," young Puttins continued, "when I saw emerging from the surface of the waters, and not five yards away from the person of my revered master, a slender object which I once recognized as a miniature periscope. I shouted to my companion. In vain. Too late. A slim fountain spurted fountain-high above the pool, a dull report was heard, and the next instant Mr. Hall Caine had turned turtle and was sinking rapidly by the bow. When dressed I hastened to notify the authorities. The pool was drained by noon of the next day but one. We found nothing except, near the bottom of the pool, the commencement of a tunnel large enough for the ingress and egress of one of those tiny submersibles the credit for inventing which neither Mr. Henry Ford nor Professor Parker ever tires of giving the other. I have since had reason to believe that not one swimming-pool in Great Britain is secure against visits from these miniature pests. Indeed, I may say, without naming any names," . . . but at this moment Mrs. Watkin interrupted young Puttins by taking the ladies away. She looked black as the proverbial.

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Galsworthy in Eclipse

The Freelands, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

"AH," said Mr. Cuthcott, "the laborers! Queer how they're in the air, all of a sudden."

Mr. Galsworthy has built "The Freelands" on the same plan as "Fraternity"—he makes his story out of the different effects on one healthy and well-to-do family of an episode which shows the present relations between the law and the poor as inevitably, blindly unjust. In "Fraternity" the social conscience of the Dallisons reacts to the slums of London, and in this last novel the Freelands have to do with the condition of the agricultural laborer in an English countryside of great estates, of parks and grassland. Both families have a chorus of elders whose leader is a reflective man-of-letters, and both act and suffer chiefly in their third generation, which sets about social work. But if one goes on with the comparison, one finds oneself pausing to ask wistfully what has happened to Mr. Galsworthy in the last six years. The Dallisons were living creatures, for all they served to reflect a social condition—as living as the Pendyces and the Forsythes—and their family drama was a matter of spiritual moment to the reader. But the Freelands seem only social types, a summary of society; at any rate, the reader stands aside and watches coldly like a sociologist the effect on them of the laborer's tragedy.

The Mallorings, large and beneficent "model" landlords and good church people, have given notice to Tryst, an agricultural laborer, that he may not marry his deceased wife's sister and remain on their estate, even though such marriage has become legal. Tryst is an epileptic, with three small pitiable children, and his young sister-in-law is the only woman ready to help him out. This interference with private life, and another one equally high-minded on the part of the Mallorings, cause first a rick-burning by the evicted Tryst, and then a strike just at haymaking time by the other laborers on the estate, organized as a protest by Derek, the nineteen-year-old son of Tod Freeland, who has a small freehold in the neighborhood. The strike is quickly suppressed by the law and by imported strike-breakers, and Tryst, after awaiting trial three long months idle in the county jail, is sentenced to three years' penal servitude for arson. He contrives to escape, to throw himself under a motor car and be killed.

These incidents in the management of the Malloring estate affect variously the Freelands. To John, the eldest brother, high in government employ, they seem only part of the general deplorable unrest. Stanley Freeland, captain of industry, whose large estate adjoins the Mallorings', stands in more actively with the beneficent autocrats, though he finds them perhaps "rather too churchy and puritanical." It is Felix Freeland, the third brother, the writer, who serves as philosopher through the drama. Felix can see directly, can feel with clearness and with force, and can remain inactive. In Felix Mr. Galsworthy has "done" for us again delightfully the free play of mind and the imaginativeness of indecision.

The three older Freelands had "been through the mills of gentility," the English public school and university. Tod, the fourth brother, however, had been expelled from school, sent to Germany, and put to farming. Not ground to the common pattern, he has in him "the love of simple natural conditions." "Not that he had deliberately turned his back on anything—he had merely begun as a very young man to keep bees. The better to do that he had gone on to the cultivation of flowers and fruit, together with just enough farming as kept his household in vegetables, milk, butter, and eggs." Throughout the book he is like some fabulous woodland creature, serene and happy, yet capable of sudden mad rage. His wife, Kirsteen, is of rebellious Highland blood and has had since early childhood "an open wound, which something is always inflaming," because she knows that in England "no one is free who can't pay for freedom." His children, Sheila and Derek, have been brought up with a belief in justice and a will to fight for it. These Freelands stand in with the laborers, incite their resistance, believe in their power to feel steadily the wish for freedom.

It is Derek who is the chief actor. "Brought up on facts, not on literature," he believes in the morality of revolutionary violence. "Conflagration first—morality afterwards," is his saying. "A proud, swan's-eyed, thin-lipped, straight-nosed young devil, marching like a very Highlander," the boy loves Nedda, Felix's daughter—the young girl who is the freshest and completest creation in the book. His love that grows into profound realization only through his suffering with Tryst, and his disillusion when the laborers cease their efforts for freedom and resent his high hopes for them, make Derek important for the reader. He seems the spirit of youth—its faith and its fire. Therefore, one asks, why is he allowed to leave one limp and disheartened? He ends so soon! Real faith in the people's power to grow is surely not destroyed by a first failure in rousing rebellion. His flame is too quickly banked up with ashes, and such ashes! A "trip" with Nedda to New Zealand that sounds like a steamship agency's advertisement.

> "Those two would have a voyage of happiness—see together the red sunsets in the Mediterranean, Pompeii, and the dark ants of men swarming in endless band up and down with their coal-sacks at Port Said; smell the cinnamon gardens of Colombo; sit up on deck at night and watch the stars. . . . Who could grudge it them? Out there youth and energy would run unchecked. For here youth had been beaten."

As a conception, as a creation of character, it all seems slack.

And the reader is very little cheered by Kirsteen, the prophetess of liberty. For a social rebel, she is so at peace about being rich. When Stanley puts it to her: "You don't want to abolish property; you've confessed that property gives you your independence," she has only the reply, "Yes; but if people haven't decency enough to see for themselves how the law favors their independence, they must be shown that it doesn't pay to do to others as they would hate to be done by."

"Rebellion never ceases," she proclaims again. "It's not only against this or that, it's against all force and wealth that takes advantage of its force and wealth."

For a prophetess with an open wound she does seem rather comfortably passive and critical on her little farm, where coffee and cereals, eggs, baked potatoes and apples stand ever ready to be heated up when freely one is hungry, where "bodily existence is a kind of perpetual skirmish, a sort of grudged accompaniment to a state of soul." And her "never-varying garb of blue," her "coarse-woven, deep-blue linen and needle-worked yoke," sounds nowadays rather expensive.

Such details are after all trying to the social sensibilities no less than to that conviction of sincerity which is part of an aesthetic enjoyment. They make their author seem slipshod in his social sympathies.

It is perhaps just this new carelessness all round that marks the change from "Fraternity." One had begun to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear it in "The Patrician" and in "The Dark Flower," and now the carelessness is thorough. Six years ago one was a little doubtful about the "doing" of old Mr. Stone, but Mrs. Frances Freeland makes him seem convincingly alive, she is so much a piece of stage property. Even the old characters like Felix are not so well done—reminding one a little of the "Studies in Extravagance." And Tod's trained dog! One's image of him has such silliness, while one remembers lovingly the little moonlight-colored bulldog and Mr. Pendyce's dog, John. Why has he coarsened Nature? She used to step in delicately—now she intrudes grossly in every chapter. Why has Mr. Galsworthy so put off his early distinction?

His very phrasing now dismays one. It is glib and insignificant. It vulgarizes.

> "In the garden of the Freeland's old house was a nook shut away by berberis and rhododendrons where some bees were supposed to make honey, but, knowing its destination, and belonging to a union, made no more than they were obliged."
>
> "It is in the nature of men and angels to pursue with death such birds as are uncommon, such animals as are rare; and Society has no use for one like Tod. . . ."

It sounds psychopathic—a meaningless association of mere words.

Tod's eyes have a "slight air of absence" because he is watching always birds and bees and trees and flowers, and it is not resented, because "People recognized that it meant some bee or other in that bonnet, or elsewhere, some sound or scent or sight of life suddenly perceived—always of life!"

Felix reflects about the gentleman who is "the highest product of the present system." "Was it quite good enough? . . . And yet . . . No kiss-me-quick change had a chance of producing anything better."

Why does Mr. Galsworthy permit himself such slackness, these days of all days, when we so need the sense of honest work? His value, like the "highest product's," has been that of the "decidedly rare flower at the end of a tall stalk, with dark and tortuous roots and rank foliage." His value has never been the root's. Yet he would seem to be deliberately pushing himself back as a growth—as an artist.

E. B.

The Glorious Road of France

Sur la Voie Glorieuse, by Anatole France. Paris: Champion. 3 fr. 50c.

TO see M. France's name above a title with a patriotic ring gives one a shock of surprise. To be sure, he offered his seventy years to his country at the outset of the war. But the ironic conversations on military subjects in his early books—"Man," said M. Jérôme Coignard, "may be defined as an animal with a musket"—and his active anti-militarist propaganda after the Affaire Dreyfus stick in one's head. My own first impression of Anatole France was gained at a giant revolutionary meeting called to testify to French sympathy with the Russian popular outbreak of 1904-5. I have never forgotten how his essentially literary and elegant old figure looked on the speaker's platform of the Trocadéro, in the midst of long-haired Slavs and thickset Frenchmen of the Gustave Hervé type; how his subtle smile, his mercilessly intelligent eyes—which struck me as having seen too much and believed too little—and his few pointed words first silenced, then roused to high enthusiasm a red-hot working-class audience that had been noisily interrupting and chanting l'Internationale. "Vive Anatole France, Vive l'humanité, Vive la fraternité!"—it was the anti-patriot defender of Dreyfus, the anti-clerical ally of Combes, the protagonist of the social revolution they were saluting in this academician, whose attic phrases they nevertheless savored to the full. Since then M. France has turned back from politics to his own field of irony and satire. But as late as July of last year no young French intellectual of the generation that has come under the influence of Barrès and the nationalists, would have admitted his genius. His "superior smile" was their peculiar abomination. Even the Dreyfusards had lost patience with him; at the time of the publication of "Les Dieux ont Soif" they complained that his gift had become purely destructive, that he could not feel passion for any idea or cause, however big. Now he heads a series of five books dedicated to the memory of a young writer who died on the battlefield, and two of his fellow-contributors are his old arch-enemies, M. M. Barrès and Maurras.

What has wrought the change of temper from the relative to the absolute, marked by every word of this little collection, which begins with a salutation to King Albert, and ends with "Debout pour la Dernière Guerre"? Anatole France, like many other French pacifists, believes that this is a holy war, a war of nations that shall end the reign of militarism, re-establish the independence and rights of small peoples, found a harmonious Europe on justice and stable peace. "Soldiers of France," he cries, in a Christmas essay, whose beautiful sentences have the old, rare movement, "keep your brilliant courage and arm yourselves with constancy. . . . You have one great superiority over the enemy. Citizens of a free people, you draw

TIFFANY & CO.

ANTIQUE ENGLISH SILVER

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your military virtues from your own hearts. . . . Friends, that you may not have fought and suffered uselessly . . . you must utterly destroy the military power of Germany and take from this barbarian people all possibility of pursuing its dream of a world-empire, this monstrous delirium which is at present subjecting Europe to fire and sword."

"Till now," he says, in his concluding paper, "war, though atrocious and terrible, kept—at least among the nations founded on the ruins of the Roman Empire—a man's countenance; something which, in its very fury, recalled the ingenious Greek or the rude Latin, inventors of all the arts of peace and war. War had its laws, its measure; classics like Napoleon could exercise their genius there. The Germans have taken from the art of arms all that it had kept of humanity. They had killed peace; they are killing war. They are making of it a monster that cannot live; it is too ugly."

"Debout pour la dernière guerre!" he ends. "A l'oeuvre! Courage! O Grand-Bretagne, reine des mers, toi qui aimes la justice, O Sainte Russie, géante au coeur infiniment tendre, O belle Italie que mon coeur adore, O Belgique héroïque et martyre, O fière Serbie, et toi, France, ma chère patrie, et vous, nations qu'on entend au loin apprêter vos armes, étouffez l'hydre et demain vous sourirez en vous tenant par la main dans l'Europe délivrée."

Anatole France has been the least mystic, the least romantic, the most skeptical of Frenchmen. And yet one feels, rising through the strong emotion of this book, something of the *souffle* of a Hugo or a Michelet; a sense such as always possessed writers like Charles Peguy, the Catholic mystic poet who was killed last September, that France has a national mission which is laid upon her by fate. "The Frenchman follows his inventive nature," wrote M. Daniel Halévy, in analyzing Peguy's patriotism some months before the war. "He strays, he makes, very possibly, more mistakes than other men. But he retrieves himself, he advances, and his work is great. His delicate gift for life, his indefatigable human ardor take him safe through the fire. And it is in vain that he turns aside or seeks repose: he is in the middle of the combat, his destiny keeps him there—everybody knows it. The honor has fallen upon him, he has received the attack."

> An orb of nations, radiating food
> For body and for mind alway,

wrote Meredith.

"Tout homme a deux pays, le sien, et puis La France." Americans to whom Meredith's or de Bornier's lines mean something, not only emotionally—and it is no use pretending that France does not attach our hearts in some deep and secret way—but intellectually, will have a kind of painful pleasure in "Sur la Voie Glorieuse." The patriot who wrote it will not seem to them essentially different from the socialist of ten years ago, though he be touched by the war fever; for the "necessary lies" that he is doing his part to circulate appear to have some basis of generous and humane and democratic hope. If one realizes, as Anatole France does not, that Germany has a case; if one has doubts of the peace treaties, does it follow that all national myths are equally false and pernicious? I think not. To me, France is the guardian of a civilization that cannot be spared from the world. To me, it is a fact that, in spite of the minor and major bureaucrats in their tidy little offices; in spite of the zealous ladies who pin medals on soldiers' breasts; in spite of the too convenient metaphysical analogies of M. Bergson, France frees the spirit and the mind as well. Indeed, the France one carries in one's heart, as Bazin's Alsatian hero said, is a country where it is "easier to think, to talk, to laugh." My French friends assure me that they no longer think, "or if we do, it is to try to fathom a future as radically remote from us as the mythical other world. We are like children before nature and life." If M. France will see nothing ahead but smashing victory, that is perhaps because he realizes that he himself was influential in defeating a military program that might have made it conceivable. M. France is not giving his mind free play in this book; its substance is less significant than its undertone of feeling. Yet he can still laugh, and talk, and write something besides invocation and invective. There are gallant and tender anecdotes and letters from the front, including a correspondence with the editor of "Rigolboche," a newspaper printed in the trenches of the Argonne. There is a delicate prose lyric, "La Petite Ville de France"—just any little town lying in the hollow of a valley, from whose pointed roofs human thoughts rise with the smoke; which teaches the arts of peace, and becomes the embodied memory and hope of generations of men. "La tristesse souriante" has always been one of Anatole France's best veins. But he is here most completely and inimitably himself in a dialogue "after Herodotus," between Xerxes and his guest, Demaratus, the exiled Spartan king, on the subject of the defence of Thermopylæ.

The analogy with modern times is complete, and it is the wise and moderate Greeks who wish only to defend their soil; the Greeks with their small numbers, their courage, their independent spirit, and their quarrelsome leaders, who prevail against the vast armies and fleets of the Persians. Is the man who has doubted of everything really convinced? He puts up a good bluff, and type and paper bear it out. Lovers of French learned editions who have frequented the musty "Librairie Ancienne" on the Quai Malaquais will find Champion's name scarcely less surprising than France's on a war-book. But M. Champion's learned authors, like Joseph Bédier, are now collating German soldiers' diaries instead of mediæval manuscripts. He himself is fighting. So he joins hands with Anatole France for the benefit of the maimed victims of war.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Our American Politics

Undercurrents in American Politics. Comprising the Ford lectures, delivered at Oxford University, and the Barbour-Page lectures, delivered at the University of Virginia in the spring of 1914 by Arthur Twining Hadley. New Haven: Yale University Press.

IT is always an experience to read Professor Hadley's books. What he says is said crisply and with a just sense of limitations. Professor Hadley has the gift of seeing things in the mass. The picture he draws is not blurred with irrelevant detail. As I read his books I experience the intellectual shock which comes with the sense of a discovery, even if at the end I conclude that it is not new after all.

In his "Undercurrents in American Politics" there is little that is original except the daring generalization in the Second Lecture upon the "Constitutional Position of the Property Owner." Professor Hadley traces the gradual development of American democracy through the colonial period, the Revolution, and the rise of Jeffersonian and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jacksonian democracy. He shows how property secured its predominant legal and constitutional position, and how the demand for the regulation of monopolies was retarded. In a brilliant and rapid chapter he portrays the perversion of party government, the growth of political corruption and the rise of political bosses; and he then details the various expedients devised to overcome machine control. His final chapter states that the true seat of political power has passed to the newspaper and to the popular magazine, and that many of the evils inherent in the older machine control are reproduced in the new sovereign, the daily journal.

The chief defect of the book seems to me a certain inconclusiveness due to brevity. Professor Hadley sums up what he holds to be the comparative unsuccess of direct government in three or four scant sentences quoted from a rather old book by Ostrogorski. I should have much preferred a more detailed study from Professor Hadley, rather than so gray and unsympathetic a paragraph. What he might have said, had he taken the trouble, would have been much more interesting than what he actually has said. I feel the same sense of disappointment in his final chapter, in which he speaks of the irresponsible editors who organize emotion instead of thought, but does not tell us any way in which the public might control its journals. On the whole the book is candid, fair-spoken, and only unintentionally conservative, and throughout is interesting and stimulating. It disappoints chiefly by comparison with the book that Professor Hadley might have written had he taken the time.

W.

BOOKS OF CURRENT INTEREST

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE WAR OF 1812

By Frank A. Updyke, Ph.D., Ira Allen Eastman, Professor of Political Science in Dartmouth College

In this book the author carefully analyzes the diplomatic correspondence in regard to neutral rights and the impressment of seamen which preceded the War of 1812. The protests against interference with neutral trade made by Presidents Jefferson and Madison have an unexpectedly familiar sound to-day. Then, as now, the United States was the principal neutral power in a war which involved all Europe. In the concluding chapter each of these disputed questions is traced to its final solution. 504 *Pages. Cloth,* $2.50.

DIPLOMATIC NEGOTIATIONS OF AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS, 1778-1883

By Charles Oscar Paullin

This work presents a brief but comprehensive study of the service of the navy in the field of diplomacy, from John Paul Jones to Rear-Admiral Schufeldt. The naval officer as a diplomat was distinguished for simplicity, candor, and directness, and as his negotiations were for the most part with far distant Oriental peoples, he was often the first to establish permanent relations with the United States. 380 *Pages. Cloth,* $2.00.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
PUBLISHERS BALTIMORE

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters

Edited by her daughter, HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD

The great scientist's early romance, domestic happiness, and religious difficulties described in hitherto unpublished volumes of correspondence. "One of the literary surprises of the year."—*N. Y. Times.*

Two volumes. Illustrated. $7.50 *net.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 W. 32d STREET NEW YORK

READY IMMEDIATELY:

THE NEARING CASE

A comprehensive review. All of the facts.
By LIGHTNER WITMER, Ph.D., U. of Pa.

Order of your bookseller in advance. 50c net

B. W. HUEBSCH .. Publisher .. NEW YORK

Get finest books at lower prices

than any dealer can offer, by becoming a Life Member of

The Ben Franklin Library Association

You share all the advantages secured by expert purchase of "Publishers' Overstocks," "Remainders of Editions," "Bankruptcy Stocks," etc.—***if you act now.***

To multiply our already large purchasing capacity we are offering you the privilege of becoming a Life Member of this association without spending a cent for dues or initiation fee. Simply avail yourself of our remarkable offer of the lowest prices ever quoted on fine books.

Every book brand new. **Best recent novels and juveniles included. (Special Bulletin.)** No defective or second-hand books offered.

Note these prices:

SHAKESPEARE, De Luxe, 20 vols., unabridged Cambridge Text; photogravures. Publisher's price $45. **Our Price** - - - - **$9.75**

DE MAUPASSANT, 17 vols., De Luxe, unexpurgated edition. Photogravures. Publisher's price $51. **Our Price** - - - - - **$8.80**

DANTE, 4 vols., Standard Longfellow translation. Special illustrations. Publisher's price $22. **Our Price** - - - - - - - **$5.00**

STEVENSON, 10 vols., ¼ leather. Photogravures. Publisher's price $37.50. **Our Price** - - **$9.95**

SCOTT. We have absolute remainder of the magnificent English **Highland Edition.** 150 illustrations per volume. Publisher's price $6 per volume. **Our Price while they last** - - - - - **$1.25 per vol.**

COOPER'S LEATHER STOCKING TALES, 6 vols. Illustrated. Publisher's price, $6. **Our Price** - - - - - - - **$1.95**

LIEGE AND THE ARDENNES, and other choice color volumes; published by A. & C. Black, London, at $3 each. **Our Price** - - - - - - - - **.91**

Our new catalog lists many more choice book bargains—Dickens, Thackeray, Hugo, DeFoe, Fielding, Poe, Conan Doyle, Jane Austen, Emerson, Balzac, etc.—explains how you may examine books in your own home, before purchasing. To-day's best bargains may be all sold next week—

Get that catalog at once

THE BEN FRANKLIN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
Dept. L, 436 Presser Building Annex Philadelphia

R. L. S. NEWS!

ON OCTOBER 15th WILL BE PUBLISHED A GENUINE CONTRIBUTION TO STEVENSONIANA

On the Trail of Stevenson

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

With 26 Drawings by Walter Hale

A book that throws new light on several interesting phases of Stevenson's life and work. For all who love the man and would re-enjoy his tales.

Orders in advance of publication and accompanied by check will be filled from a limited number of copies autographed by author and artist.

Distinctively Bound and Printed

Net $3.00

Selma Lagerlof's Masterpiece

JERUSALEM

A novel of Swedish peasant life

Walter Prichard Eaton says: "To read 'Jerusalem' is to look deep into the folk heart of a nation. It is as national as a song by Greig or a play by Tchekov."

Just Out. Net $1.35

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chicago 6% Investments

For $100, $500 or More

Secured by First Mortgage on real estate improved with modern buildings in established sections.

Large margin of security and excellent income.

Several issues now available, which our Fifty Years successful experience in this field qualifies us to recommend to investors requiring safety, attractive rate and salability.

Ask for Circular NR

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865) 10 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Each Investment

that you make should be purchased through a specialist in that particular security. When you buy

6% Municipal Bonds

remember that we specialize in County Obligations and you get individual attention and satisfaction from

M. H. CUTTER & CO.

Established 1908

209 So. LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS

OF ALL KINDS

¶We are the leading wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers. Our immense stock and our location in the publishing center of the country enable us to fill orders—large and small—for books of all kinds, with the greatest dispatch.

The BAKER & TAYLOR CO. 354 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

The Student Needs

THE NEW REPUBLIC

It is required reading in many classes

Subscribe now, $3.00 the college year

A split of *White Rock* and a dash of lemon

a thirst quencher

By

George Harvey

IN THE

North American Review

For October

The German Attitude

"Anything" for America

For Assistant President

House or Villard?

Dealing With Diplomatic Misfits

"A Lasting Peace"

The Menace of the "German Vote"

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Special Introductory Offer

Introductory subscriptions of four months will be entered on receipt of one dollar

The North American Review

171 Madison Avenue, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED